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(For the Favorite.)

HARD TO BEAT.

A DRAMATIC TALE, IN FIVE ACTS, AND A PROLOGUE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS,
OF MONTREAL.

Author of "From Bad to Worse," "Out of the Snow," "A Perfect Fraud," &c.

PROLOGUE.

YOUTHFUL LOVES.

SCENE I.

IN THE JAWS OF DEATH.

May the nineteenth, eighteen hundred and fifty-four; time six o'clock in the evening; place St. Leonard's Churchyard, in the Island of Barbadoes, West Indies.

The fierce tropical sun had sunk to rest, and the brief half hour of fitful light which comprises West Indian twilight was drawing to a close. The day had been intensely warm; the

sun had shone with that fierce withering heat, known only in the tropics, and under which nature seems sometimes to collapse, and all life and vigor to be scorched out of every animate and inanimate thing. At last he declined in the west, sinking down in a blaze of blood-red glory, and throwing his rays far into the heavens in a magnificent burst of departing splendour. No evening breeze sprung up after his setting, as is usual on the small sea-girth islands of the West Indies; the very wind seemed too prostrated by the heat to blow, and after a short ineffectual effort the breeze sighed itself wearily away, and nature seemed to hold its breath preparatory to a grand outburst of fury. The air was terribly close and oppressive; a leaden weight seemed to press it down, the frequent flashes of sheet lightning showed the atmosphere heavily charged with electricity; and the quickly gathering clouds told of a fast approaching storm.

The chapel of Saint Leonard's is probably the most peculiar in the West Indies, where buildings are usually low, broad, and flat-roofed; and it would seem strangely familiar to a Canadian. It is long, narrow, high, and has a singularly steep roof framed expressly to throw off the snow—an unknown luxury in the region where the little chapel stands. It was in fact built after the model of a church near Quebec of which a nephew of the Bishop of Barbadoes was pastor at the time St. Leonard's was built;

he had sent a photograph of his church to his uncle, and the old man, thinking that as good a model for a church as he needed, had the chapel built after the pattern of the Canadian church. At the eastern end rises a tall, thin spire with loop-holes for three bells; but there is only one bell, and that is not sweet-toned; it had been tolling mournfully nearly all day on this nineteenth of May, and the old bandy-legged negro who filled the post of bell-ringer, had gone to sleep with his foot in the bell-rope and continued to toll dismally in his slumber.

The churchyard at Saint Leonard's is a pretty one; even then, eighteen years ago, before the dwarf olives and willows were fully grown, it had a beautiful appearance. The chapel stands about one hundred and fifty yards from the road, and is on top of a little hill rising in a gentle slope from the road to an elevation of about fifty feet. A broad circular drive sweeps up to within ten yards of the porch, and is fringed on both sides with dwarf olive trees, while peeping out through the leaves are seen numerous white marble tombstones, neat iron railings, modest wooden headboards, and, here and there, a bed of roses or other flowers, tended by some loving hand which endeavored to keep beautiful the spot where some friend or relative reposed. The cemetery is about half a mile from Bridgetown, far enough to be removed from its noise and bustle; and a holy, peaceful quiet usually pervaded the precincts

of the dead, broken only by the merry twitter of the birds as they winged their way to their evening rest, or the shouts of laughter from an adjoining field where some children were wont to play.

On this particular evening, however, the churchyard bore little of its usual aspect; the plot of ground within the circular drive was the scene of a weird and terrible animation, such as had never before been witnessed on the island, and such as I trust may never be seen there again. The scourge of cholera had been sweeping over Bridgetown and its suburbs for the past week, and hundreds were daily falling victims to its violence. Standing at the chapel door—amid a garden of tube-roses, tiger lilies, geraniums and other flowers and shrubs which grew in profusion in a neat little enclosure extending around the chapel—one could witness a strange and fantastic scene, more like some picture of pandemonium than a leaf from real life in the nineteenth century.

It was dusk; the few lingering rays of the setting sun were just vivid enough to save the scene from total darkness, yet left it in an uncertain, glimmering light, and the quickly gathering masses of black, rain-laden clouds threw a deep shadow over the earth, and shut out the light of the stars. On the extreme right of the plot of ground within the circular drive was a huge pit, seemingly thirty or forty feet square; near it were several blazing tar

barrels throwing a lurid light into the closing night; out in the centre of the plot were other pits, and scattered around were some dozen or more tar barrels all ablaze.

In these pits, near these pits, and piled on suspicious looking mounds of earth in the vicinity of the tar barrels, were numerous heaps of lime which shone with a ghastly whiteness under the flickering light of the blazing tar. Further away on the right—where the first victims had been buried—were large numbers of newly-made graves, covered with lime through which a sickly phosphorescent light made its way, and gave forth a pale bluish flame, such as is popularly connected with ghosts. In the circular drive were numerous hearses, carts, carriages, waggons, all filled with dead bodies; one vehicle frequently containing several, and the hearses having corpses strapped on their tops as well as three or four inside. Some of these corpses were in coffins, some wrapped in tar sheets, some clothed in the garments they had died in; and some with scarcely any covering to hide their nakedness. Under the terrible fear of infection, mothers forsook their children, husbands deserted their wives; nearly all who could fled from the plague-stricken victims, and they were left to die alone. As they died, so were they buried, no time to make coffins, no one to make them; no time for mourning friends, no one to mourn for them; no time for anything, but to hurry them to the pits and hastily cover them with their mother earth. So quickly was this done in some cases that frequently cholera victims were buried within two hours after the breath had left their bodies. The manner of interment was simple. Moving about incessantly in the terrible gloom of the graveyard were fantastic looking figures, appearing in the ghastly light like demons gloating over the wreck of human life. They were the grave-diggers, swarthy negroes with coarse brutish faces, and callous hearts who filled their solemn and fearful vocation with hardened recklessness; laughing, joking, singing they threw the corpses into the yawning pits as carelessly as they would have thrown sacks of oats. Most of them were stripped to the waist; their black, oily skins, glowing with perspiration, glittered in the strong glare of the tar barrels, and shimmered like the slippery skin of an eel. With steady, constant labor they seized each corpse or coffin by the head and feet—one drove-digger at each end—and with a "one, two, three," sent it rolling into the pit, then a bucketful of lime was cast in and the burial was complete, all but filling in the earth when the pit was full.

No! Not quite complete; the faithful minister of God stood firm to his post; unterrified by the awful plague, unmindful of the terrible blow which the dread disease had struck at himself, taking from him the wife who had cheered, helped and comforted him for a quarter of a century; heedless of the rising tempest, and fearless of the dreadful contagion everywhere around him, the noble old man stood amid the heaps of dead and poured forth in fervent tones the solemn words of the burial service over each pitful of victims. His ample surplice fell in snowy folds around him, his thin white hair floated gently in the breeze, and as he raised his eyes to Heaven uttering the solemn words, "In sure and certain faith of the resurrection of the dead," he looked almost angelic; and his tall commanding figure stood forth in bold relief, the one bright spot in the dark gloomy scene, telling of peace beyond the sky, and of a glorious hereafter for those whom the sudden coming of a swift and terrible death had found prepared to meet their Maker.

Near the pit on the left which the negroes were filling, was a heap of four coffins, just deposited from one hearse, and all brought from one house; two of them evidently contained adults, and the others children, one coffin being very small as if containing a child of three or four years. The negroes had thrown several bodies into the pit, and approaching the heap of coffins seized the largest of the two containing children, and threw it into the dark yawning gulf. The weight being light the coffin was thrown forward with considerable force, and, striking against another already in the pit, it was broken and the body of a boy, apparently twelve or fourteen years old, swathed in the garments of the grave, rolled out, and laid amongst the coffinless corpses in the pit.

The rude shock seemed to have brought back the fleeting spirit to resent the outrage offered the inanimate clay; a faint sigh escaped the pale, firmly-closed lips; the head moved feebly on one side; the tightly-clenched teeth and strongly-clasped hands, with the finger nails buried deep in the palms, telling of cramps, slightly relaxed; the drawn and distorted limbs made an effort to straighten themselves, and animation seemed to be again returning to what was considered a corpse. In a few seconds the eyelids slightly parted, and the boy looked about him in a dreamy, half unconscious sort of way, as if only partly realising his position. At last he seemed to become aware of his perilous situation, and,

unable to move or speak, a deep, bitter groan escaped him, as his whole mind cried out against the terrible fate of being buried alive. "Oh, golly! What's dat?" exclaimed one of the grave-diggers, staring in affright into the pit from whence the sound proceeded. "Look-a-here Jim," he continued to another grave-digger, who was near him, "dar's sumting berry curious agwine on hat. I 'specs it's a ghost."

"You's a fool, Mingo," replied the polite Jim, "ghosts is got sumting better to do than go fooling about churchyards. Gi' me a han' wid this un, an' we'll soon settle the ghost."

"O-h-h-h!" came in a long, deep groan from the pit, and both negroes started back in terror.

"Dar, I tole ye so," exclaimed Mingo. "It's de debbil sure—Oh, golly! I seen' im wag he tail."

"Taint no debbil," responded the matter-of-fact Jim, "debbil too busy now to go lying down in holes to get cubber up. It's one of dem corpses cum to life agin. Fling in sum mo' dirt afore he kin get out. We aint got no time to fool away wid dead fokes dat want to cum to life agin. He orter fine out he wasn't dead afore he cum here. Too late now to bodder wid him."

"But say, Jim; ef he aint dead, we aint got no bisseness to bury him. We's paid to bury dead fokes, not live 'uns."

"Taint no different, Mingo; de man orter be dead; an' ef he aint, he sune will be when you cubber 'em up; so shubbel in the dirt."

"Blest ef I does," responded Mingo, "ye can cubber 'em up yourself; I aint agwine to bury no live people."

"Ell sune enuf be dead," said the imperturbable Jim, taking up a spadeful of earth and throwing it over the body.

The slight shock of the earth striking him, seemed to infuse desperate strength into the weak frame of the boy, and, half raising himself on one elbow, he cried in a faint voice,—

"Help!"

"Blowed ef I se agwine to see a live man buried dead," said Mingo springing into the pit. "Here Jim," he shouted a moment later, "God-omercy, ef 'taint Massa Harry. Here ye onhuman ole nigger len' me a han' an' get 'em out of de hole."

Jim finding the boy was really alive assisted Mingo in lifting him out of the pit, and laying him by its side. The sensation of relief at his rescue from a terrible death, and the immense revulsion of feeling proved too much for the feeble strength of the almost dying boy, and he relapsed into a state of unconsciousness, from which he was slowly roused by the constant and tender attention of Mingo.

Meanwhile the clergyman had approached the group, and as he came near started with surprise and exclaimed, "Merciful Powers! What is this? Some unfortunate being almost buried alive?"

"Golly, massa, he had a mity tite squeeze for it. Two minnits mo' an' he was a dead boy fur sure," said Mingo; "but I tinks he's all rite now. I se agwine to tak' 'em home rite away."

"Who is he," asked the clergyman, "who has thus been saved from being hurried into his Maker's presence before his time?"

"Massa Harry Griffith."

"Harry Griffith! Poor fellow; the life you have saved Mingo will be blank enough, for he has not a relation left in the world."

"Is de ole man dead, sah?" asked Mingo with a touch of regret and respect in his voice.

"Yes; he died this morning shortly after his wife; and it was thought both children had followed their parents. The cholera took every soul out of that house, except, it appears, the one which has been so mercifully restored to life. Poor fellow, poor fellow," he continued looking sadly at the boy. "I know not where to send him. My own home is the abode of sickness and death, and I almost fear to ask anyone to receive him, altho' there is little fear of contagion now."

"An' so de ole man's gone," said Mingo half soliloquizing, "I knowed de ole man ebber since he war knee high to a grasshopper, an' now he gone dead. Wall, wall, I 'specs we's all agwine dat road purty sune. I tinks, Massa Parson," he continued, "I better tak' 'em to Miss Morton; I 'specs she don't care nuffin 'bout collerer, an' de ole man an' she was grate frens."

"You are right, Mingo, the very person. Mrs. Morton is a good, worthy soul, and has been of immense service to the poor and suffering in this trying time. Take him there."

A stretcher was soon procured, the boy placed on it, and Mingo and one of his fellow-laborers bore it to Mrs. Morton's house which was quite close to the graveyard.

SCENE II.

IN THE ARMS OF LOVE.

Mrs. Morton was a widow with two children, the eldest, Charlie, was about seventeen and his sister, Mary—or as she was generally called, Mamie—was two years younger. Mrs. Mor-

ton's husband had been dead several years, but she remained a widow, preferring to devote her life to training her children to accepting any of the offers she had to change her condition. Her husband had left her moderately, but not bountifully provided for; and although the neat little cottage on Eagle Hall road belonged to her, she frequently found it difficult to make both ends meet, until Charlie reached the age of fourteen, when he left school and went to business with an old friend of his father's, who was a Commission Merchant, and the small salary allowed him helped to meet the family expenses. Charlie—no one ever called him anything else—had not been what is called a "smart boy" at school; quiet, patient, persevering, he had won his way to a good position in his class by dint of hard application; not a high place, scarcely high enough to be above mediocrity, but better than was expected of him. Diffident and shy, retiring in manner, rather awkward, and not at all self-asserting, he had attained the *soubriquet* of "Stupid," not a very enviable appellation, and one which he really did not deserve; for under that sluggish exterior there was more strength of purpose, more determination and more energy than he was given credit for. When he left school he selected to go into business in preference to studying for a profession; influenced mainly by a desire to afford some assistance to his mother and sister as speedily as possible, and in this he had been partially successful, thanks to his close application more than to his aptness for commercial pursuits.

He would have preferred to have been a lawyer; he had an idea that he was intended by nature for that *rara avis*, an honest lawyer; but, he knew his mother could ill afford the expense of a college education for him, and he also felt that it might be many long years before he could expect to attain affluence, or even a bare competency by the practice of law, even if he were successful, which was doubtful; therefore, he gave up his own wishes and turned his attention to pursuits which promised more immediate remuneration.

Charlie had one idol; he loved his mother with tender filial affection; but he fairly idolized his sister, Mamie. All his hopes, all his plans, all his thoughts and cares for the future were based on her happiness, and all his finely built castles in the air had her for their presiding deity. No dream of success, or hope of greatness, was complete without her to share it; it was for her he had given up his own wish to become a lawyer, and adopted commerce as it promised a shorter and more direct road to wealth; for her sake he labored hard at mastering the uncongenial mysteries of exchange and foreign values; for her sake he sat late into the night studying the history of the commerce of various nations, reading of great discoveries and inventions of the day, and striving hard to solve that unsolvable problem, the short and easy road to wealth. Many times he thought he had found a certain path, but abandoned the idea when he found it would take years to accomplish.

Years, years; ah! how long they seem to youth with all its bounding ambition; and how terribly short and startlingly fleeting they appear to our more mature conceptions. Ten years seems a lifetime to a boy of fifteen, and he would with difficulty be persuaded to enter on any enterprise which would need that period to accomplish; but ten years to a man appear a short time to wait, if the end to be gained is sure; and how many men of sixty, seventy and even eighty years of age do we see entering on speculations from which they can expect no return for ten or fifteen years, and doing so with little or no heed to the time necessary to wait for a fulfilment of their hopes, and unmindful of the fact that they will not, in all probability, live to see their hopes realized.

Mary Morton was in some respects a peculiar girl; peculiar in appearance, for she had that rare combination, raven black hair, bright, sparkling light blue eyes, and a clear, creamy complexion with ruddy cheeks. Young as she was, she gave promise of great beauty, and like all pretty girls she was conscious of it, and somewhat disposed to be a little proud; a trait in her character which was not lessened by Charlie's almost slavish adoration. In temper she was quite the reverse of her brother, quick where he was slow; seizing on knowledge with avidity where he could only acquire by steady application; self-asserting where he was diffident; bold where he was timid; it was often said in jest by their mother that it was a pity their sexes had not been changed, and Mamie born a boy. Charlie's love to her was amply repaid; no one was to her like him. From the early death of her father, Charlie had to some extent taken his place, and she looked up to him for guidance and counsel more than sisters usually do to an elder brother. She understood him better than any one else, and could see what others failed to discern, that under his shy, modest exterior, there was a strength of character, and a depth of purpose which none expected to find

there, and which would one day bear their fruits in his future life. It was a happy household, and as yet no thought of care or sorrow seemed to cast its dark shadow over it.

The lamps were not lit in the modest little parlor on this evening of the nineteenth of May; and Charlie was lying on a sofa by the open window, gazing idly out into the closing night and building magnificent castles in the air, while the queen who was to inhabit them sat at the piano in the darkened room, her fingers straying carelessly over the keys, and occasionally picking out the notes of some plaintive air. It was a favorite fashion with them of spending the twilight hour, and to Charlie at least it was the most enjoyable period of the day; to lie there gazing out into the night, planning future greatness for his darling, and to have her playing gentle, touching airs, was the perfection or bliss to him. Presently the music ceased, and Mamie looking up and noticing Charlie's absent manner, knew well he was indulging in a day dream, and said gaily:

"A penny for your thoughts, boy." "Boy" was a pet name with her for her brother, and, indeed, she rarely called him anything else; he rather liked it, too; if anybody else called him a boy he resented it, and intimated that he was a "young man," but, somehow, from Mamie it appeared to have an ancient sound, and to be in some inexplicable manner a sort of deferential acknowledgment of his two years' seniority. The sound of her voice broke the spell of his dream, and he turned on the sofa so as to face her as he said:

"They are worth more than a penny, child, although they were very sad." "Child" was his pet name for her, and she rather liked it.

"Tell me what they are, boy, won't you?" she said, crossing to the sofa and sitting by him; "tell its big sister who has been bothering the poor little boy to-day."

"Nobody has been bothering the poor little boy," he said smiling, and smoothing affectionately the long black hair which fell unconfinely over her shoulders; "I was not thinking of myself, I was thinking of the poor Griffiths; so sudden and so terrible. The cholera seems to be spreading more and more, and I was thinking whether we could not afford for you and mother to go to Saint Vincent until it is over; the steamer leaves the day after to-morrow, and I think we might manage it."

"And leave you behind to die? Don't get such a stupid notion in your head, boy, for if we go you go with us. But I don't think mamma will consent; she says if God wills that we should die of cholera, we will die, no matter where we go; and if he does not, there is no danger for us anywhere; and I believe so too, Charlie, and I don't like the idea of running away. Tell me about the Griffiths; Mamma went there as soon as she heard Mrs. Griffith was dead, but she has been out all day and has not come back yet."

"It was very sudden, and very sad; Mrs. Griffith was taken ill early this morning, and died about ten o'clock; her husband never left her until he was seized with the cholera himself, and he died within an hour after she did."

"Oh! I'm so sorry. Poor Harry! Poor Harry! What a dreadful blow for him."

"Harry, Harry?" said Charlie, with a puzzled, troubled air. "Why don't you know? He left the house when he heard his mother had the cholera, and refused to go back. Poor fellow, he was taken back dying two hours after, and was laid in the grave with his parents and his sister, this evening. It almost looked like a judgment on him for his conduct to his mother."

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie it can't be true!" she exclaimed passionately, throwing herself on her knees by his side and hiding her face in her hands, while she sobbed as if her heart would break.

Charlie let her cry for some little time, smoothing her hair meanwhile and caressing her in his fond affectionate way. Harry Griffith had grown up almost as a brother with them, and his own heart felt heavy enough at his sudden death; it was only natural that Mamie should express great sorrow for the loss of her playmate. He waited for some time for her grief to spend itself, and then said gently:

"Come, come, Mamie, it's no use crying. Poor fellow, I feel his loss heavily enough myself, but tears won't bring him back; and, after all, perhaps, it is just as well; you know his father was utterly ruined by Danver's running away, and I fear poor Harry would not have made a good man, if he had been obliged to fight his way against the world."

She drew back a little, and flashed up at him instantly, with more anger in her tones than it was usual to find there:

"He was the noblest, best hearted boy I ever knew; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to speak of him so, Charlie, now he is dead. Dead! dead! Oh, I can't believe it!" and she threw herself again on her brother's

shoulder, and burst into another paroxysm of tears.

Charlie said nothing; but, as he looked down at her his face grew strangely stern and a hard, cold look stole over it which was rarely seen on that usually calm and open countenance. By degrees her sobs ceased, and she laid still for a few seconds, then she raised her head, and putting her arms around Charlie's neck said, in a singularly calm and deliberate tone: "You need never be afraid of my leaving you now; I shall stay with you always, for I shall never get married now."

"I hope not. I want you to be with me always; but, I suppose it is only natural you should marry some time."

"Not now. There was only one being for whose sake I could ever have left mamma and you, and he is dead. You may smile, Charlie, and think this is only a girl's fancy, but it is true; I feel that I shall never love any man now, but you, and none enough to marry him."

"And you would have married Harry?"

"Yes, that I would, when we were old enough."

"Then I am glad he is dead! Yes," he continued savagely starting up, and pushing her slightly back from him by the movement, "I'm glad he's dead, and I'd rather see you dead too, than to think you should live to be the wife of a cold-blooded, hard-hearted thing like that, who deserted his mother when she was dying out of fear for his own safety; and who was selfish and heartless to the core."

All the latent strength of the young man's character blazed up, and all the bitterness of a naturally sweet nature was found out in these few words. No one knew so well as Mamie the force of the passions which burnt under her brother's usually placid stolidity, and she stood for a moment half frightened, looking at him in amazement. While they were still looking into each other's eyes, hurried steps were heard on the gravel outside the window, and a man's voice cried out:

"Massa Charles, Massa Charles! op'n de do' quick fur God-a-mity sake."

Brother and sister hurried to the door, and both started at sight of the burthen the men bore.

"It's Massa Harry," said Mingo, "he ain't dead."

"Not dead! Thank Heaven for that," exclaimed Mamie bending over the limp figure of the one snatched from the grave, and imprinting a kiss on his cold, clammy forehead.

The boy opened his eyes for a moment, and gazed into the bright blue orbs shining down on him brimful of love and tenderness; and then the shadow of a smile flitted across his lips and he whispered:

"Not quite, Mamie; death almost had me, and I scarcely cared whether he did or not, but I will try to live now, for your sake."

"Live Harry, live for me." She threw her arms around him, and pressed him to her heart, while with the help of the negroes he was taken into the house.

Charlie Morton stood a little apart watching the scene, with a dark frown on his brow, but he neither spoke, nor offered to interfere.

SCENE III.

IN THE WASTE OF WATERS.

Under Mrs. Morton's experienced care, and Mamie's gentle nursing, Harry Griffith soon recovered health and strength; indeed it is one of the peculiarities of cholera that recovery is almost as rapid in proportion as the disease, and if death does not come quickly it does not come at all, and recovery is neither long nor doubtful. In a few days he was able to walk about the house, and would even try short strolls in the garden supported by Mamie's loving arm. She had watched over him with tender solicitude the first night and day of his rescue from the grave, when he seemed to be sinking under the reaction on the nervous system consequent on the immense shock he had received; and even now when there seemed no danger of a relapse, she still kept a watchful eye on his every movement, as if fearing without her care some evil might happen to him. Charlie seemed to have lapsed into his normal condition of easy going quietness, and altho' he sometimes showed signs of jealousy at Mamie's attention to Harry, he kept a good control over himself, and there was no further outbreak between brother and sister. Mamie could not fail to notice, however, that a feeling of strangeness was growing up between them, which had never been known before, and it grieved her deeply to think that the playmate of their childhood should be the one to cause the only estrangement she had ever had with her brother. She loved Charlie as truly and deeply as ever; but a love of a different nature seemed to have suddenly been called to life within her, and almost frightened her at its strength and intensity. She had always loved Harry Griffith, with a girlish love for the companion she had known almost all her life; but since his recovery from the grave her love had turned to the love of a

woman, and she felt that she could give up brother, home, friends, everything for his sake. She did not anticipate having to do this, however; she knew her brother too well to think he would long resist her pleadings where he knew her happiness to be at stake; yet his terrible earnestness on the night Harry was brought to the house; his fierce angry manner, and his quiet, almost sullen, behavior since, made her anxious and uneasy; and she watched over Harry as if she thought it was not safe to leave him alone with her brother.

A month passed; not altogether happily, for the joy of Harry's constant presence was marred by the thought that she would soon be parted from him, and that she would not see him again for years, perhaps never again in this world. The late Mr. Griffith's affairs had been settled sufficiently to show that Harry was quite destitute; after the debts against the estate were paid, there would scarcely be enough left to pay Harry's expenses to Toronto where he had an uncle, who had sometime before his father's death offered to take him. It was not a brilliant prospect for him, poor lad, but it was the only one, and he built airy castles of his rapid success in that El Dorado of his imagination, Canada, where it seemed to him hard work was the only requisite to acquire a rapid fortune.

Charlie seemed to thaw a little after it was known that Harry was to go away, and his manner towards him was kinder and more like his school days than it had been of late. He talked more in his old style to Mamie too, but the feeling of dislike to any thought of love between his sister and Harry had not died away, and he took an opportunity of speaking to Mamie about it.

"Child," he said, one evening about a week before Harry was to sail, "come and sit by me, I want to talk to you seriously."

She nestled close to his side, and he took her hand in his and caressed it softly while he spoke.

"Mamie, I don't believe I ever said a harsh or unkind word to you in my life, until the other night; and I wouldn't then, only I was angry, and scarcely knew what I was saying. I am sorry for it now; try to forget that I was ever unkind to you. You know you are all the world to me, and it has made me sorry ever since to think that you and I should come so near a quarrel," he paused for a moment, then lifted her face and gently kissed her.

"Don't mind it, boy," she answered, throwing one arm round his neck, "I knew you didn't mean it; I'll forget all about it."

"But I did mean some of it, Mamie, and I don't wish you to forget all about it; only forget that I spoke crossly to you."

The arm was withdrawn from his neck but the hand was left in his, and he continued to pet and caress it.

"And about Harry?" she asked presently.

"I meant what I said about him," he answered, very seriously; "it appears foolish," he continued, speaking more playfully, "for you and I to talk about this matter, as if you and Harry were grown up, instead of being scarcely more than children; but, you know, Mamie, how much I love you, and I can't help being anxious to prevent you forming any attachment now which may bring pain to you in after-life. So don't be angry with me, child, but try to think that what I say to you is for your good. Harry Griffith will make a bad man, and I don't want your future linked with his in any way."

"But I love him, Charlie."

"That is only boy and girl love, child, and you will soon get over it if you try."

"I don't think so, Charlie; it seems to me that my life is bound beyond all power of severance to Harry's, and as we grow older, we shall only be linked closer and closer together. No," she continued after a pause, looking steadily before her into vacancy, and speaking half to herself in a dreamy kind of way, "I know I can never forget him, and I don't think it possible that I can ever cease to love him; even if he was to die I should still love his memory."

"Well, I'm glad he's going away," said Charlie presently, "and I hope he will never come back."

"Yes he will, he'll come back for me, by and by when he has made a fortune. Charlie," she said suddenly looking up at her brother, "what has made you take such a dislike to Harry so suddenly; you were school-fellows, and always great friends, almost brothers, why do you change your mind all of a sudden and think him everything that is bad?"

"I don't know exactly what it is," he answered slowly, "I was always friendly with Harry, but we never had much in common; he is selfish, bad-tempered and cruel, and I never knew how heartless he was until he deserted his mother when she was dying of cholera, and had to one near her to cheer her last moments. A boy who would do that can never make a good man, and I should be sorry that my little sister should have anything to do with him."

"But, Charlie, suppose he makes a good man? I know he is good now, altho' he ought not to have deserted his mother; suppose he turns out a good, good man, what then?"

"Then I shall be very glad of it," he said kissing her forehead tenderly, "but we had better wait until then; it is a bad plan to count your chickens before they are hatched."

"But you wouldn't object then, Charlie?" she persisted nestling up to him, "if he was a good, good man, you wouldn't mind my marrying him, some day when we are all ever so much older?"

"I will wait until that day, child, before I give my consent; but, somehow, I hope I will never be asked to do that, for unless Harry is made of very different stuff from what I think he is, I should never give it."

"I should be so sorry for that," she said softly, "it would be so hard to have to choose between you."

"I hope you will never have to do that; but if you did which would you choose?"

"I don't know exactly now; but I think—I think it would be Harry."

Ten days after Harry Griffith sailed for New York in the good ship *Gazelle*, laden with sugar and molasses; the Captain, who did not usually take passengers, taking Harry as a favor, as he had been well acquainted with his father.

"You'll have to rough it a bit, my boy," he said, "but it will do you good; lots of fresh sea air, and plenty of salt junk and hard tack, will put any quantity of fish on your bones; and I will land you in New York as fat as a pig."

Harry did not show much regret at leaving the island, except at parting with Mamie. He was of a proud, ambitious nature, and had already learned to value success above all things. His father had been an easy-tempered, good-natured man who had all his life been the victim of every one who had professed friendship for him, for the sake of getting assistance from him. The very essence of truth and honesty himself, he believed all men to be the same; indeed, his favorite maxim was, "Believe every man honest until you find him a rogue," and acting on this maxim he had found more rogues in the world than in his simplicity he thought it contained. He was fond of saying, what many other people say and think: that there are not nearly so many rascals in the world as the croakers would have us believe; and that there were no such villains in real life as authors told us of in books. He had undoubted faith in the world's honesty; and as disaster after disaster befell him, caused by his implicit confidence in so-called friends who were untrustworthy, he became disheartened, despondent, and at last, when an old school-fellow and bosom friend ran away leaving him responsible for debts which would swallow up nearly all the remnant of his once large fortune, he appeared fairly broken-hearted and said the world was a great deal worse than he had ever thought it was, and he did not care how soon he left it. He soon left; the cholera came and ended all his troubles.

A greater contrast to the father than the son could scarcely have been found. Suspicious, crafty, jealous of the success of others, selfish and ambitious, careless of what means he used to gain his purpose, Harry Griffith before he had reached the age of fifteen had gained for himself the reputation of having "an old head upon young shoulders;" and the wiseacres used to prophecy: "He'll never make a fool of himself, like his father." Perhaps not, he had great capacity for good or evil, but it needed a strong will to keep him in the right course, and he had no one now to guide him but himself. His father's easy nature, and many misfortunes had served as a lesson to him, and he used to say, bitterly: "Believe every man to be a rogue until you prove him honest, and then don't trust him if you can help it." A poor opinion of human nature for a boy to have, but he had passed through a severe school; he had seen his father go steadily round by round down the social ladder through no fault of his own, except his credulity, dragged down by the men who called themselves his friends, and who betrayed and ruined him, and then laughed at him for his folly in being duped so easily.

Oh, you may laugh at this if you please, and say such people only exist in books; I tell you there are hundreds and thousands of them walking the earth to-day, shaking hands with their victims, coaxing, cajoling, flattering them, until the last dollar has been gained from them, the last favor granted, and then when impending ruin stares the unhappy victim in the face, and the crash of falling fortune rattles in his ears, these quondam friends will be the first to turn from him, and will say wisely: "I told you so, I knew it must come sometime."

Harry Griffith had seen this; he had seen his father almost heart-broken, and, boy as he was, it had bred hard and bitter thoughts of the world in him; thoughts that the great game of life was not a game of chance, but one of skill, and that he who could play best, or pack the cards most skilfully had the best chance of winning. He had loved his father

dearly, as children will generally love a pure-minded, affectionate parent, who never was harsh but always kind and indulgent; and his death was a bitter grief to him. During the few weeks he was at Mrs. Morton's the memory of his father seldom left his mind, and he vowed to himself again and again that he would "get even with the world;" for what, or in what way he never paused to consider, he felt, somehow, that the world had done him a great wrong, and he determined to right himself. How he was to do it, gave him little thought; youth is very hopeful, and castles in the air are cheap to build, as the material never gives out, and the workmen never strike for higher wages. Somehow, he was determined to succeed; and his hopes were high, and his spirits nothing daunted as he bade farewell to the land of his birth, and prepared to seek his fortune in another country.

"Good-bye, Mamie," he said, holding her in his arms while she sobbed on his shoulder as if her heart would break, "don't cry that way, I shall be back again before you think I am gone; and I shall bring a fortune for you, and then we shall all be happy."

"Oh, Harry, I wish you did not have to go; I feel as if I shall never see you again."

"Not see me again, no such luck; I shall be back in five years; and mind, I shall come back for you, and you only; for but for your sake I should never care to set foot on this island again. So keep up your spirits, write to me often, and don't get any foolish notions in your head about my not coming back, I've said 'I will,' and when I say that I mean it, and I'm hard to beat."

He sailed that night, and the voyage went pleasantly and smoothly enough for the first few days.

Past St. Lucia, well to windward of the island, passing Guadeloupe in the daytime, so that a good view could be obtained of the smoke-capped volcano of Soufriere, towering five thousand feet above the sea, and so running gently along the inside margin of the windward isles they reached St. Thomas on the fifth day out, and passed out into the broad Atlantic, steering for the American coast.

The winds were light and variable, and the passage promised to be a long and uneventful one; but on the twelfth day out, just as they were about the latitude of Cape Hatteras, the glass began to fall, and fell so steadily all day that altho' the wind had died away, and it was almost a dead calm at sundown, the Captain's face wore an anxious look as he ordered sail shortened, and everything stowed away as snugly as could be.

It was almost midnight when the hurricane struck them in all its fury; the wind had been moaning in fitful puffs for some time before, and the sea had answered with a hollow moan, as if it knew it was about to be shaken from its calm repose, and protested against the liberty. The clouds had been banking up, and now the last ray of moonlight was obscured, and after a brief pause, and a few preliminary drops as a warning, the storm broke in all its fury; the wind came with one grand rush and roar driving the rain before it with such fury that it seemed to have no time to form into drops but came down in straight lines.

The blast struck the noble little barque as if striving to bury her beneath the waters in its fury; but she struggled gallantly, and rose from its first embrace, quivering in every part, but intact, and boldly held her own against its fury. Again and again the fierce blast assailed her; again and again the angry billows came leaping toward her as if they regarded her as the cause of their disquietude, and sought to bury her beneath their depths, but still the little barque held out, and as hour after hour had passed, and no leak was discovered, altho' both the fore and the main masts had been carried away, hopes began to be entertained that she would weather the gale.

The darkness was intense and only by the frequent and vivid flashes of lightning could any glimpse be caught of the forward part of the vessel.

Suddenly there was a slight lull in the storm; a short pause as if the armies of the elements were reforming for another and a fiercer attack on the devoted little barque; then in that lull arose a sound more terrible than the roar of the elements, a sound reverberating with terrible distinctness within a dozen yards of the doomed barque, "Ship ahoy!" Ere the helmsman could change the course of the vessel, a dazzling flash of lightning revealed to the startled crew the huge black form of an ocean steamer bearing down, in another moment she had struck the devoted little barque amidships, cutting her in two; there was a terrible crashing, grinding sound, a momentary check to the steamer, and then she drifted swiftly away, as the storm again broke over the spot where the barque had lately proudly floated, and which was now strewn with the debris of the wreck, and the forms of frantic, despairing men struggling madly for life in the tumultuous water.

For the Favorite.

DEAD ON THE OCEAN.

BY R. A. SUTTON.

[A few days ago a despatch stated that the steamer "General Sedgewick," from New Orleans to New York, fell in with several pieces of wreck with two dead bodies attached. As an item of newspaper intelligence, the matter may seem of little importance; but when we consider that there are probably some to wait and mourn for the hapless pair, who were, doubtless, never recognized, the case assumes a phase of melancholy interest.]

I.

Dead on the ocean! Who heard the last groan?
Who saw them bow to the ne'er ending sleep?
Tossed by the billows—uncared for, alone,
Dead! far away on the breast of the deep.

II.

Mayhap some mother is lonely to-day,
Fervently breathing to Heaven a prayer,
Counting the hours for the one far away,
Who, ne'er to return, lies slumbering there.

III.

Or yet a wife who, with tear filling eyes,
Starts at each footfall she hears at the door;
Alas! for her hopes, her tears, and her sighs,
She waits for one who will greet her no more.

IV.

Yes, pray'r and watching is vain now for them,
'Neath the dark waters they'll find them a grave,
Night winds will chant them a wild requiem,
Dead on the ocean! entombed 'neath the wave!

V.

Sweep on, ye billows! and yawn for your prey,
Their hour of strength and of struggling is o'er;
The victory was yours—now, sport as ye may—
Bound with Death's chain, they can battle no more.

QUEBEC, 30th Nov., 1872.

LESTELLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE AND SHAMROCK," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE INN.

There had been a sad railway accident; one of which the public talked and thought more than of any similar disaster that had occurred for some years. There were several attendant circumstances that rendered it remarkable; and perhaps it weighed not a little with many, that one of our ambassadors, then proceeding with his family and suite to the foreign court to which he had been delegated, was amongst the sufferers.

The Earl of Glenaughton had, however, escaped with no greater injuries than a broken arm and a few bruises; but his less fortunate Countess received some severe contusions, while his nephew and ward, the Honorable Darcy Lesmere, was seriously, if not dangerously, hurt.

With all possible speed the medical men summoned to their aid hastened to the spot where the accident took place—a wild, treeless moor in Hampshire, at the foot of a range of hills, amidst which lay embosomed such lovely glades and dells, that artists haunted them through the summer months, and transferred faint copies of their beauty to the walls of the Royal Academy. The nearest village was two miles from the scene of the catastrophe, and it was the work of time to house those who were too much hurt to proceed on their journey in the special train despatched from the next station for that purpose.

The Earl and his family found temporary accommodation at a farm belonging to a bustling, money-making widow, named Price. Not content with the profits accruing to her from the ground she rented, she had opened a grocery store besides converting part of her roomy dwelling into an inn; and, by dint of using hands, feet, and eyes with vigilance, she contrived to exercise the necessary surveillance over all her helpers, and to add considerably to her savings, which report said were by no means small.

Widow Price had a large family of children; but these were unceremoniously hustled aside to make room for the aristocratic guests who filled all her spare apartments, and even overflowed into an adjoining cottage, which was given up to the Earl's young son, Viscount Branceleigh, his sister, the Lady Ida Lesmere, and their personal attendants. Mrs. Price's neighbours were never tired of staring at the smart livery servants, the ladylike governess, the Swiss *bonne*, and the dignified valet, as great a gentleman in their eyes as his master; and as they noted the lavish style of all the arrangements, openly envied the lucky widow for having secured such guests.

"Indeed, then," Mrs. Price would retort with a jerk of her head, "I don't see no such great luck in having work enough thrown upon me for forty pair of hands, whether I like it or no. I'm upset, and my house turned inside out just to accommodate a lot o' strangers—that's all. An'

I don't like sich folk in my place; an' having to move a tip-toe, and speak in a whisper, till I feels just as if the rooms wasn't one's own."

"But it's something to have such lodgers as earls and such like! Why, it might be the making of ye, Mrs. Price!"

The widow sniffed contemptuously.

"It's more like to worry me into my grave. Look at them lazy men-servants dawdling about, and hindering everybody! My bread was heavy last week, because Sally was giggling wif them instead o' minding her own business; and I don't like my saucy ones used for no end o' messes. There's my lady can't eat nothing but what's cooked a purpose for her! If I must have lodgers, I like decent folk as can sit down to a bit o' pork and greens, or a hock of bacch and dumplings, as us do."

"But you'll be well paid for you trouble, Mrs. Price," she was reminded by the woman with whom she was holding this conversation while weighing out her weekly quantum of groceries.

Even this prospect only drew from the busy widow a dissatisfied reply.

"I'll have earned all I shall get, goodness knows; and the place'll want cleaning from eend to eend after so many feet in and out all day; and who's to do it but myself? It's getting near the hop-picking season, and if I says six words askew to Sally, she'll pack up her box, and away she'll go. And there's that Essie that ought to be paying me back what she's cost me—why, she ain't a mossel o' good 'cept for looking to the children."

"She's so little, poor dear!" replied the woman, in such compassionate accents that the widow's brows lowered.

"Little is she? Tain't because she's stinted in her victuals. I had to turn up my sleeves and work when I wasn't as big as she. But them as does least is always most thought of; and some gals seems to me to be nought but a plague to everybody. There's the flour; and that's all, ain't it, Mrs. Jones?"

The woman nodded, and began to deposit her multifarious packages in her marketing-basket, saying, as she did so, "The girl's willing enough, isn't she?"

"Willing?—yes, to eat, and drink, and sleep. That's all the willingness I ever see in her. Two-and-tence and fourpence is three-and-two; and six is three-and-eight; and the coffee, and the sugar, and the tea makes a shilling more. Thank ye."

And Mrs. Price, dropping the money into her large pocket—the only till she employed—whisked off to see how the churning had gone on in her absence, and to administer sundry cuffs on her way to the diminutive girl called Essie, for letting the baby—a fat, ill-tempered boy nearly three years of age—soil his pinafore with the mud pies he persisted in making.

Mrs. Price seldom had occasion to come in actual contact with her lodgers. Their own servants waited upon them, and she had wisely given up one of her kitchens to the cooks, whose delicate dishes she regarded as a ridiculous pampering of the appetite. The Earl had so far recovered from the effects of his accident in the course of a few days as to contemplate resuming his journey, leaving his lady to follow at her convenience; and now Mrs. Price was summoned to his presence to explain something in the account she had sent in.

With rather more respect than she generally vouchsafed to any one, she curtsied to the imposing-looking gentleman, who, with his left arm in a sling, was languidly turning over the pages of a pamphlet. The Earl bent his stately head in return, gave one careless glance at the stiff, angular figure of the widow, asked the question the crabbed spelling and writing of the bill had induced, and briefly communicated his plans while paying it.

"I shall leave here to-morrow; Lady Glenaughton will most probably follow me with the children in the course of a few days; but as my nephew will not be fit to travel for some weeks to come, he will remain here under the care of his tutor until his physicians consider him capable of undertaking the journey."

Here the widow broke in upon him rather abruptly.

"Ha'n't I seen you before, sir?"

The Earl, astonished at the unexpected query, surveyed her with uplifted eyebrows and then, with a slight curl of the lip, replied, "Possibly you have. I am well known in London."

"I ha' never been there in my life," Mrs. Price exclaimed. "No offence, sir, but I ain't one as forgets people I've seen; an' I made sure I knowed your face. No offence, sir," she repeated.

"For once, your memory must be at fault, my good woman," said his lordship, coldly. "I have never visited this place—Arlwood, don't you call it?—till now."

"I ain't lived all my life in Arlwood," Mrs. Price observed, as she deliberately picked up the money he had pushed towards her. "In my master's lifetime we kept the 'Sun Hotel,' at Halesby, over the hills yonder; and a good many of the artists as used to come there stayed at our place, 'cause it was cleaner than any of the other inns, though I say it that shouldn't!"

"I am not an artist," said the Earl, resuming his pamphlet, and frowning slightly, as if her persistence had annoyed him.

"No, sir—my lord, I means; and I shouldn't think o' being so rude as to liken you to them shifty sort o' chaps that never keeps their hair cut, nor their coats brushed; but still it's in my head that I ha' seen you before. This is a good sovereign, isn't it, sir?"

"Yes; from the Australian mint, that is the

only difference. Halesby, did you say? I remember going there once; but it is so many years ago, that I forget the name of the inn where I located myself."

"I knowed I was right!" cried Mrs. Price, triumphantly, as she dropped the last coin into her pocket. "Good morning, sir, and thank ye."

"Stay," said the Earl, as she was opening the door; "I have just recollected that I visited Halesby about the time there was some *escandale* connected with the daughter of the—the curate, or the doctor, and her elopement with a young man who had been stopping in the neighbourhood. Do you remember this?"

"I should think I ought to, sir, seeing as Esther Waverill was my husband's own cousin."

The Earl politely apologized. "I would not have mentioned the circumstance had I been aware that it was a family affair."

"It's no matter," Mrs. Price answered, shortly. "If you didn't speak of it, sir, other people do; and it was partly because I was sick of having it thrown in my teeth that I left Halesby after my master died. 'Poor Esther's child oughtn't to be let do this, or that, or t'other?' Why didn't them as pitied her so take her off my hands—a widow with five of her own to keep?"

Mrs. Price was so wroth at the recollection, that she wrung her own nose viciously, and tied the strings of her spotless white apron a little tighter.

"Then there is a child still living?" Lord Glenaughton observed, as he drew the ink towards him to jot down some remark on the margin of the paper he had been reading.

"Esther brought one with her when she came back to Halesby—did ye know as she came back, sir, cast off by her husband, as she called him?—a little weeny girl, as died before its mother. And there was another, born a few days after she came, as well I ought to know, for my master brought the foolish thing home to me when she were found in the churchyard, lying on her father's grave. He hadn't a bit o' thought—though he's dead an' gone, I must say it; and so I had all the trouble and expense of her illness."

"And so Esther Waverill died? Poor girl! Yours is a sorrowful tale, Mrs. Price," said the Earl, with more feeling than any one would have credited him for who saw the firm, resolute mouth, the strongly-marked brows, and the will evinced even in the white, well-shaped hand, that how partly shaded his face from Mrs. Price's observation.

"Sorrowful, sir! You'd ha' more cause to say so, if you knowed all I've had to do and put up with through playing the good Saritum, and taking Esther in. 'Twasn't as if she were common grateful to me, and put her hand to anything when she got better. Not she. As soon as he could rise from her bed, what does she do but go an' sit in the church porch, with her baby in her arms, a-waiting—so she used to say—for the angels to fetch 'em."

"Tell me no more!" exclaimed his lordship, rising and walking to the window. "My nerves are weak, or else your narrative is unusually saddening. Yet stay, Mrs. Price; I should like to know whether she gave any clue to the name of the young man, the artist, with whom she went away?"

"No, sir; she didn't," Mrs. Price replied. "I used to say—and for once my master couldn't contradict me, though he were one of those silly, good-natured creturs that's always getting put upon—we both 'greeted that the rascal ought to be punished for serving her so, and we wouldn't ha' minded laying out a trifle to get her righted, though lawyers is dreadful expensive. But she must ha' been off her head, for all we could get out of her were, 'Leave him to God. He's my husband in the sight o' heaven, and I'll never hurt him!'"

"Poor Esther! She deserved a better fate. Poor, pretty Esther! I think,"—and the Earl turned suddenly towards Mrs. Price—"I think you said this young girl was very pretty?"

"No, sir. I couldn't ha' said it, for I never thought it. She were too pale and thin—and I don't like them big, dark eyes"—(Mrs. Price's were of the palest shade of greenish gray). "I won't say but what there were a many as used to think a sight of her looks; but give me perty behaviour, and any one else may have the outside show. Good day, sir!"

"The child you spoke of, the little girl of Esther's, is she still in existence?"

Mrs. Price turned back from the threshold to reply.

"Yes, sir; the youngest is alive, and I've had the rearing of her; and it'll be the last time I ever burden myself with another person's child. She's more plague to me than all my own."

"Is she as good-looking as her mother?"

Mrs. Price gave vent to a little laugh of derision. "She's no more like Esther than if she weren't akin to her; a little brown, awkward, stupid thing, that I can't knock any sense into nohow!"

"Ah!" said the Earl, returning to his chair, and stifling a yawn, as if the subject was beginning to bore him. "If you see Wyett, my valet, anywhere, will you be so kind as to send him to me? Good morning."

"If the curiosity of these gentlefolks ain't enough to make one sick!" Mrs. Price indignantly told herself as she flounced down the passage. "Here have he kept me chattering for this quarter of an hour about what didn't concern him; and then he sends me off as if I'd been a hindering of him, instead of him keeping o' me, when I did ought to have been measuring them beans!"

CHAPTER II.

MY LORD'S VALET.

Apparently, Lord Glenaughton had returned with increased interest to the pamphlet he had laid aside while conversing with Mrs. Price, for when Wyett, the valet, tapped at the door and glided noiselessly into his master's presence, he found him with his head bent over it, too much absorbed to notice his entrance.

At last the Earl raised his eyes. "Is that you, Wyett? I had forgotten to mention to you that Sir Jervas Lockwood's opinion of his patient has led me to make a slight alteration in my arrangements."

Wyett was a tall, thin young man, with a colorless complexion, sandy hair, and, by a freak of nature, eyes of the darkest hazel—keen, quick, fiery orbs, that flung their glances everywhere, and contradicted by their restless light his subdued demeanor. The Earl valued him, for he was an excellent servant; active, intelligent, yet always unassuming and respectful. In the soft tones of a voice that never rose above a certain pitch, he regretted to hear that Mr. Darcy was not so well.

"You mistake me. He is progressing favorably, but Sir Jervas dwells upon the great, the very great care that he will require till he is perfectly convalescent. Now, with all possible respect for his tutor, Mr. Haynes is scarcely the sort of person to whom Darcy should be entrusted, and so I have been thinking of leaving you with him, Wyett. Have you any objection?"

Wyett looked at the floor for a minute, as if debating the advantages and disadvantages of this proposal, but finally answered that he was willing to fall into any plan which would relieve his lordship's anxiety about his nephew.

"Thanks. I shall not forget your readiness to oblige me. Of course, you will resume your usual duties as soon as Darcy is able to join me at Madrid. I cannot spare you to him altogether."

With a gracious gesture, he dismissed the man, who went away with his brows knitted, and those far-seeing eyes half-closed, as if he were seeking within himself some other reason for the Earl's arrangement than the one his lordship had so frankly given.

He had scarcely, however, gone many steps from the door, when a sharp peal of the hand-bell at Lord Glenaughton's elbow recalled him.

"I am strangely forgetful this morning, Wyett. The woman of the house has been telling me a long story about a relative of her late husband—a young female, who eloped some years since with an artist,—who, if I am not mistaken, came to this neighborhood through a suggestion of my own. Of course, I cannot repair the mischief his folly occasioned; but there is a child—a daughter—to whom I should like to atone for my share in the transaction."

"And yet it was a very small one, my lord," Wyett commented, on finding that he paused.

"True; and so I do not wish my name to appear in the matter," the Earl hastily replied.

"All I propose is that, while you are here, you shall ascertain whether the girl is well used, and if not, seek out some decent school where she would be educated and taken care of. You must thoroughly understand that, if she is contented in her present position, you are to take no steps in the affair, nor must you, under any circumstances, mention that I have interested myself about her. It would only draw upon me a host of applicants for similar assistance."

"Am I to apply to Mrs. Price for information respecting this young person?"

"By no means. You are shrewd enough to learn all you want to know without that. After all, Wyett, it may be as well to leave things as they are," he added, irresolutely. "Mrs. Price is evidently a grasping woman, and might impose upon my good nature, and grow troublesome if she learned from whom the aid came."

Again Wyett pondered. "I think, my lord," he said, at length—"I think you may trust me to do just as much as is necessary for that orphan, and no more. And Mrs. Price shall not know anything that I do not choose to tell her."

The man spoke confidently and significantly—too much so to please his exclusive master, who dismissed him with a curt, "That will do. Remember, you will be left here solely to attend to my nephew; and the affair of which I have been speaking is of so little consequence, that it must not be made an excuse for any neglect."

Wyett bowed and withdrew, taking his way to the moor, where, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth, he began to tread one of the many winding paths that intersected it. He had not gone far, when he met the governess returning with her charge from a long, healthful walk. Lady Ida was a beautiful child, about ten years of age, tall and stately, like her sire, and inheriting from her mother the blonde prettiness that made the Countess of Glenaughton one of the most courted and flattered belles of the day. Her governess—a dark, sleepy-eyed, elegant girl, whose abilities were obscured by a want of energy which Lady Ida was quick to perceive—crimsoned painfully as the valet politely raised his hat, blushing all the more because her precocious charge detected her emotion.

"Miss Hill, you shouldn't color like that when Wyett bows to you. Mamma says you ought to look higher than such a man as he is. Valets take public-houses when they leave their situations; and you are a lady, you know—at least, nearly one."

"Too much so, I hope, to chatter as ridiculously as you have been doing," Miss Hill re-

sorted. "I shall complain to the Countess, if you make such impertinent observations again."

"Mamma says you ought to be able to manage me without calling in her authority," said Ida, sullenly.

"I will prove, then, that I can do so," Miss Hill replied, with spirit. "Instead of prolonging our walk, as we intended, you will go with me to our own room, and translate six stanzas of the 'Gierusalemme.'"

Holding her pretty head higher than before, Lady Ida stepped daintily along before her governess, too proud to acknowledge that she had been in the wrong, yet swelling with vexation at the thought of exchanging the sunny expanse of the moor for the narrow little chamber and the pages of Tasso.

They had nearly reached the house, when her brother, the heir of Glenaughton—the merry, mischievous, but warm-hearted Viscount Branceleigh—came in sight, armed with a butterfly net.

Ida's pride began to give way.

"Oh, Miss Hill, there's Percy with his new net, and you said yesterday I might go with him to get specimens for his case."

"My promise was a conditional one, and depended on your behavior," her governess reminded her.

"But you'll let me go? There mayn't be such a fine day again, and we shall go away soon—very soon. Oh, Miss Hill, do—please do! You know I didn't mean to vex you!"

Miss Hill hesitated, and the child bounded away, her bright hair streaming on the wind. It was no use to call her back. Catching hold of Percy's hand, she had hurried him forward, and they soon appeared like little specks in the distance, moving hither and thither in search of the lovely insects they proposed capturing.

Not at all inclined to follow their erratic course, Miss Hill seated herself on a thymy mound, and opened a book. But very soon her thoughts wandered from its pages to her own secret anxieties. It was very true she had learned to love the quiet, clever valet; he possessed that strength of will in which she was so lamentably deficient, and in all her difficulties with her pupil—and they were many—she was accustomed to refer to him for advice. This he gave her tenderly, delicately, with looks and clasps of her hand, that hinted a deeper feeling than his words conveyed; and Lettice Hill, a poor dissembler herself, had not been able to hide the pleasure with which she received his attentions. The Earl's domestics believed them to be engaged, and jested Wyett sometimes on his approaching marriage. They did not guess that herein lay Lettice's trouble. She was not to accompany the Glenaughton family to Spain. The Countess had engaged a Parisian to finish Ida's education, and the engagement of Miss Hill—whose friends resided at Southampton—would terminate as soon as they reached that town. Wyett had sighed when their approaching separation was mentioned; had made her promise to correspond with him; had pathetically wondered how long it would be before they met again; but of matrimony said he never a word.

"Aunt will be cross," thought poor Lettice; "she always declaims against long engagements. She will even insist that this is not one at all, for I have nothing definite to tell her; and yet he loves me, I am sure of it; and it may be that he fears to speak till he has acquired some better position. Yes, that must be the cause of his silence. It would be ungenerous to doubt him."

And having arrived at this decision, Miss Hill wiped away the tears that had gathered in her eyes, and began to consider whether it were not time to recall the children. She rose and looked around; but they were quite out of sight. She called aloud; but her summons elicited no reply, except from absent-minded Mr. Haynes, the Viscount's tutor, who had lain himself on the sward, beneath a thicket, to watch the busy movements of a colony of ants, oblivious that his pupil had left his side long since.

Meanwhile, the brother and sister had followed the zig-zag flight of a splendid Admiral, till they found themselves in one of the prettiest parts of the moor. Here the ground gradually shelved down on all sides, forming a large basin, in the centre of which there was a pond. The sloping sides of the declivity were thickly overgrown with the pretty leaves and fruit of the whortleberry, and there they came upon a lonely child busily engaged in filling a can with the ripest of the berries.

Percy and Ida sat down on some moss, and watched her.

"What berries is she picking?" the latter inquired of her brother. "Are they good to eat? I'm so hungry; call her and tell her we want some of them."

The little Viscount, with all the consequence of a spoiled boy approaching his teens, beckoned to the girl, who had paused in her labors, and was shyly watching them from under her old straw hat.

"Hi! come here, young one! How much do you want for your thing-em-bobs?"

She put the can behind her, thus tacitly intimating that its contents were not for sale; but picking up some fine branches that lay beside her, came forward, holding them towards the children.

Ida drew back haughtily, and signed to her brother to receive them. She did not like coming in contact with people who were ugly or ill-dressed, and, in her fastidious eyes, this girl was both. Her hair was cropped close to her head; her skin was freckled and tanned with

exposure to the weather; her frock had evidently been made for her out of one of Mrs. Price's large-flowered lilac prints, and was repaired with pieces of a different pattern; while the hands, that in delicacy of size and shape might be compared to Ida's own, were deeply stained with the purple juice of the whorts she had been sent to gather.

More courteous, or more indifferent to appearances than his sister, the little Viscount stepped forward to receive her gift. A frolicsome retriever puppy, which, much to his young master's annoyance, Mrs. Price would not suffer in the house, had escaped from his captivity in a wood-shed, and followed the children across the moor, barking and bounding in high glee when they ran on, or galloping off on exploits of his own whenever they chid his too noisy attentions and drove him away. He now trotted at his master's heels till they were close to the girl, when he began to leap upon her, and, half in play, half in earnest, seized her skirts in his teeth. At first she tried to control her terror, and calling him "Bad dog," and "Spiteful thing," strove to shake him off; but the creature clung to his hold; the can of whortleberries was upset in the struggle; the print frock sadly rent, and the worried child lost her temper.

"You are a wicked boy, and your dog ought to be killed! I'll ask Owen to shoot him!" she tearfully panted, as, armed with a branch of furze, she stood at bay.

"But I won't have him shot! Let Owen or any one else dare attempt it, and see what I'll do to them!" retorted Percy, who had really been trying his best to put an end to the battle. "You're not hurt a bit!"

She pointed to the torn frock.

"Bah!" said the young aristocrat, contemptuously. "What matters about that old thing? It isn't worth sixpence."

"And it's horribly ugly," added his sister—"as ugly as you are!"

The girl's face flushed at the taunt, and she drew herself up. "If I had your fine silk dress and long curls, I should be as pretty, and prettier than you!"

Lady Ida laughed derisively, and looked at the tattered figure of the speaker with a scorn that made her wince and turn away. Snatching up her can, she began the weary task of refilling it; for the scattered berries had been trampled on in her efforts to shake off the dog, and she dared not go home without any. By this time the Viscount had found fresh amusement. He was flinging stones into the pond, and inciting the puppy to fetch them out, his sister joining gleefully in the sport. Presently, a cry of distress from both children made the girl start up to see what had happened to them. The bottom of the shallow pond was covered by a deposit of clayey mud; and twice, Rover, in obeying his master's commands, had plunged into the thickest of this, and waded out again with considerable difficulty. The third time that he was sent after a piece of stick, the thoughtless Percy saw with terror that the poor creature could not extricate himself. In vain did the boy call and coax—in vain did Ida second him. Rover yelped and struggled towards them, but only to flounder deeper into the sticky soil. He was getting exhausted, and whining most piteously, when the sobs and cries of his repentant master brought the girl Essie to the spot.

"What shall I do? Rover will be drowned, and through me!" the boy exclaimed, as soon as he saw her approach.

The dog, as if he comprehended the words, now gave a long, dismal howl, that made Lady Ida put her fingers in her ears, and begin rushing away as fast as she could. But Essie, with more presence of mind, ran round to the side of the pond where the water was shallowest, and, slipping off her shoes, began to wade towards the sinking Rover. It was a dangerous undertaking, for her own feet sank deeper and deeper at every step; but she fearlessly proceeded till she could grasp the curly coat of the animal, and draw him towards her. In another five minutes they were both safe on the bank, though Rover was so feeble, with his protracted efforts, as to be scarcely able to crawl along.

With the selfishness of pampered childhood, Percy busied himself about his favorite, and forgot the girl altogether. She had quickly fetched her can, and taken the nearest way back to the farm, where she was so unfortunate as to encounter Mrs. Price, before she could change her bespattered and dripping garments.

In the midst of the dame's tempestuous wrath, Lord Glenaughton chanced to come down stairs from his nephew's chamber, and Mrs. Price dragged the culprit towards him.

"There, sir—there, my lord—that's Esther's child! And, now you've seen her, you'll not wonder that I rue the day I took pity on her, and adopted her. I sends her, while the little 'uns was at school, to pick a few berries, and 'stead of doing as she was bid, she's been romping on the moor, and I may wash her and mend her! Look at her! Ain't it enough to sicken anybody of being good-natured?"

The Earl cast one swift glance at the dirty, ragged figure before him, and recoiled in disgust.

"This Esther's child! Good heavens!"

With quickened step, he passed on, and Mrs. Price hauled her adopted away, assisting her progress with slaps and cuffs, to which the broken-spirited girl attempted no resistance.

CHAPTER III.

THE WIDOW HAS A SURPRISE.

Before the close of another week the ambassador and his lady had departed; Miss Hill had returned to her friends, cheered a little by a

whispered assurance from Wyett that she should hear from him; and the Honorable Darcy Lesmere was left in solitary possession of Mrs. Price's apartments.

To one fresh from a public school it was terribly monotonous to be pent up in a secluded farm-house, especially as the lad was still suffering so much from the effects of the accident as to be incapable of any greater exertion than dragging himself, with the help of Wyett's arm, from the bed to the sofa, and back again. Neither was Mr. Haynes the most cheerful of companions for an invalid. He would declaim Latin verse, or construe Greek, for an hour at a time, but these were subjects his pupil could not enjoy in his weak state. However, Darcy had a fund of amusement in his own active mind, which, like his body, was unusually well developed. He read a great deal, thought as much; and when he grew tired of both, contrived to draw out of an excellent concertina music enough to astonish the rustics, who sometimes loitered beneath his window to listen.

He was lying on his sofa in the twilight one evening, when the air was so balmy that a half-glass door leading to the door stood open, playing at intervals snatches of old Scotch ballads till Wyett came in. The man had made himself so useful to the lonely boy, that Darcy, who had always nourished a secret dislike of his uncle's obsequious attendant, was learning to feel ashamed of his causeless prejudices.

"Alone, Mr. Darcy? I thought Mr. Haynes was here, or I would not have left you so long." "It's no matter. I have not been dull," was the good-humored reply. "I've been evoking the oddest echoes you ever heard. Are you superstitious, Wyett?"

The valet looked perplexed. "Not particularly so. Why do you ask?"

"Because this place is haunted by a fairy with the sweetest voice imaginable," Darcy laughingly responded. "Don't you believe me? Then listen, and judge for yourself."

Very slowly he played the first eight bars of "The Birks of Aberfeldy;" then enjoining silence upon his companion he laid down the instrument. In the course of a minute or two the air was repeated, softly, hesitatingly, as if the singer's memory were sometimes at fault, but always in tones replete with a sweet freshness as rare as it was charming.

Darcy looked triumphantly at the listening valet.

"Did I not tell you so? Who can it be? This is not the first time I have heard my notes repeated by the same delicious voice."

"Play again, sir, and I will soon ascertain for you whether your echo is aerial or mortal," Wyett whispered, as he noiselessly stepped into the door opening into the garden.

Darcy obeyed, then paused as before. The first few bars of the tune were taken up—then there was a terrified cry, a slight scuffle, and Wyett, who had crept out into the garden, returned, bearing in his arms the diminutive figure of Essie.

Darcy laughed uncontrollably, partly at himself—for he had been weaving quite a romance out of the circumstance—and partly at the droll appearance of the girl, whose closely-cropped head peered out of an old red cloak in which she had wrapped herself, to compensate for a paucity of other garments. His mirth, however, soon gave place to compassion, for Essie sank on the floor as soon as she was released, her teeth chattering, and her eyes dilated with terror.

"Poor little mite! Don't frighten her any more, Wyett."

"I didn't mean no harm," she panted. "I was only listening. Don't tell her, and I'll never do it no more."

"Tell who? Mrs. Price? Of course I'll not," answered Darcy, extending his hand to her. "Come here, you elf, and sit on this stool beside me. I'll not hurt you. Come here, I say."

With her fleshless arm she made a gesture of dissent, and seemed to be meditating a flight through the window, but this Wyett prevented by closing it, and Darcy renewed his efforts to soothe her.

"So you came here to listen? Then you are fond of music? I wish we had not disturbed you. Let me make amends by playing the tunes you like best. Which are they?"

She did not reply, but her sobs ceased, and her bright dark eyes began to lose their wild expression, and glance curiously at the concertina.

Amused with this queer instance of the divine power of melody, Darcy struck some chords. Her hurried breathing was subdued, the color came back to her face, and presently she ventured a step nearer to his sofa.

He pointed to a stool.

"Sit there, you funny child, and I'll play for you as long as you like. It's quite flattering to have such an attentive auditor," he added, to the valet; "and she don't look as if she enjoyed many pleasures, does she?"

With her elbows on her knees, and her chin supported on her hands, the girl sat motionless till the player grew tired and paused. Then the glow faded from her cheek—the eyes that had been fixed on his drooped; and glancing at Wyett, who leaned against the window frame, a keen though silent observer, she said entreatingly, "Please let me go."

"Not till you have sung for me," Darcy interposed. "Who taught you to warble so sweetly?"

Again the small features brightened, and she asked timidly, "Do I sing well? Would people give me money if I went about the country, and sang at their doors?"

"Why, you'd never do such a wild thing as

that, you little foolish creature!" he exclaimed.

"What made you think of it?" She did not reply, and he went on questioning her.

"You are Essie, aren't you—the young girl I heard my cousin Percy talking about? You saved his dog, didn't you? And only fancy, Wyett," and he turned with some resentment to the silent valet, "by his own confession, the little rascal barely thanked her for her pains. I must give you something in his name, Essie," he added, kindly. "What shall it be—a book?"

The girl's face crimsoned. "I can't read. Nobody never taught me."

"That's a pity. Shall it be a new frock, then. And pray where is your own?" asked the amused youth. "Do you generally wander about the garden without one?"

Essie drew the old scarlet cloak more closely around her.

"I didn't dare get out o' the window with it on, for fear of tearing it."

"Then you actually crept out at your lattice to gratify your love of harmony!" the laughing Darcy commented. "You queer child, you must not do that again. I'll ask Mrs. Price to let you come here sometimes."

Instead of thanking him, Essie began to exclaim, in terror, "No, no; she'd be so dreadful angry. Don't tell her, and I'll promise never to listen no more!"

Wyett leaned forward, and examined the thin arm she had extended. There were livid marks upon it.

"Mrs. Price beats you, doesn't she?"

Essie made no answer, but began to sidle towards the door. Darcy would have recalled her but for the valet's interposition.

"Best let her go, sir. Mrs. Price is a woman of violent temper, and would punish her severely if she encountered her."

"You don't mean to say that she ill-uses that fragile little creature?" cried Darcy, indignantly. "We ought not to permit it. You must speak to her about it."

"I will, sir—I'll talk to her to-morrow; and now you had better let me assist you to bed."

Wyett kept his word so far, that the first time he found the dame in a placable mood he questioned her concerning Essie's parentage; and received the same account—somewhat amplified—that she had given to Lord Glenaughton. He let her exhaust her complaints of her own troubles in connection with the affair before he made any comment upon it.

"It seems strange that you gained no clue to the real name of the artist who took Essie's mother away. Were there no letters, no papers found after the death?"

"Why, where should they be found? Didn't I tell you she came back with nothing but what she stood upright in? There were a little black card-case in her pocket when she died; but there were nothing in it but a couple of trashy love-letters with no name to them, and a few lines in her own handwriting that my master couldn't make nothing out on. Writ in a foreign tongue he said they were, but I'll never believe but what they were gibberish, for where should Esther learn foreign tongues, indeed?"

"Will you show me the contents of this card-case?" asked Wyett. "It would relieve you from a great burden if the father of this girl could be found; and there might be a clue to him in these letters which you have overlooked."

Mrs. Price grimly answered that her master was as good a scholar as here and there a one; and if he couldn't make nothing out of them, she didn't suppose any one else could.

But Wyett persisted, and at last won from her a promise that he should see them.

"That is, if I've got 'em still," she added. "They were a-knocking about in the cupboard in my room till I got sick o' seeing 'em, an' it's likely enough I burnt 'em along w' a lot more rubbish. Anyhow, if I can come upon the case, you shall see 'em."

But some days elapsed, and still Mrs. Price had not found time to fulfil her promise, and Darcy Lesmere was pronounced sufficiently convalescent to proceed to a watering-place, there to recruit his strength before crossing the sea.

As a matter of course, Mr. Haynes was to accompany him; but Wyett, on the morning fixed for the young gentleman's departure, with many expressions of regret, resigned his berth in the Earl's family. A brother to whom he was strongly attached was dead, and had left his affairs in great disorder. The rest of the family looked to Wyett to arrange them; and he had already written to Lord Glenaughton, explaining the reason he was compelled to dismiss himself so abruptly.

Darcy was sorry, and he frankly said so. Wyett had been very attentive to him, and he was still too weak not to feel the loss of his services. But there was no help for it; and after cordially shaking hands with, and thanking him, Darcy leaned back in the easy carriage provided for his journey, and, with Mr. Haynes by his side, was driven away from the old farm-house.

Wyett stood in the porch, fingering his watch-chain, and brooding over his own thoughts, till long after the vehicle was out of sight. Then he turned, and sought Mrs. Price, who was taking a general survey of the rooms her lodgers had just vacated.

"And now, my good friend," he said, complaisantly, "I must make my own preparations for leaving you. Your neighbor, the miller, has promised to drive me to the station in his own trap."

"Be ye going to-day, Mr. Wyett?" Mrs. Price asked, indifferently. "I think I ought to have made a charge for the wear and tear of this

carpet. It wants mending in two or three places; and them curtains has got terrible shabby while my lord and his lot has been here."

"Make a note of these things, and I'll give it to the Earl when I see him," Wyett replied. "Will ye, now? Then I'll do it at once. People as can pay ought to be made to pay, oughtn't they?"

She was bustling away, when he stopped her.

"That card-case, Mrs. Price. If you will fetch it, I'll write down your claims the while."

Conscious that her own calligraphy was none of the best, she agreed to this, and went upstairs. After a long interval, during which she could be heard opening and shutting doors and drawers, she returned in an angry mood.

"It's gone, though I'll take my Bible oath I see it on the shelf only this morning!"

"But who could have taken it?" asked Wyett, his brow as black as her own.

"Why, Essie has; the thieving, artful little cat! I see her loitering about when I were talking to you the other day. Listening, of course. She's equal to anything; and she has been and helped herself. Why, Essie! Essie, I say! Where is she? I'll teach her to touch my things without leave!"

She flounced out of the room, and Wyett threw himself into a chair. Ten minutes—twenty elapsed. The high-pitched voice of Mrs. Price was audible both within and without the house, and her subordinates were heard scuttling to and fro at her bidding, as if sent in various directions.

Her face wore a strangely-scared expression when she came back.

"The girl's gone, Mr. Wyett. There's no sign of her, far nor near. Ha! she been wicked enough to drown herself in the pool, d'ye think? I'll have every one crying out that I drove her to it! What'll I do?"

(To be continued.)

A MISTAKE.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

"What are you aiming, Joe, to see,
Scanning each hat and feather?"
"An azure wing and white egrette
That clasps my willing tether."

"Somebody wears it on her hat—
The dainty hat, I know it—
It seems as though the bonny face
Looks bonnier below it."

"Along the rows of concert seats
I look until I find it,
And then—" "What then?" "Oh, then I try
To take a seat behind it."

"The wary hunter's practised eye
Is not more keen or truer
For fitting wings, than mine has grown
Since first I longed to woo her."

"Ah, there it is! I see it now;
I know the azure shining
The loops, and cunning veil of lace
About her small head twining."

"Good-bye, good-bye!" and Joe had gone.

"Ah, Joe! how fares the feather?"
"Ask never, 'an you love me, Hal';
I blundered altogether."

"I sat quite patiently a while,
Then love I could not smother,
And so I bent to whisper low.
Alas! it was her mother!"

"Since then I put no trust in wings,
Nor hats of any fashion;
But evermore I'll see the face
Ere I declare my passion."

For the Favorite.

TALES OF MY BOARDERS.

BY A. I. S.,

OF HUNTINGDON, Q.

I.

Tell you some of my adventures, girls? Well, I don't think I ever really had an adventure, and I am not much of a raconteuse. My life has been far too busy a one, my mind much too occupied with household cares, for me to practise the art of story-telling. But I have seen some rather queer things, too, in my day, and if you will promise to be very indulgent listeners, I'll tell you something about my boarders, and that will give you a part of my own story at the same time.

It is just fifteen years ago since John and I agreed to tread the path of life together. We married on very little, without, indeed, I were to count our love for each other, and then I should say we married on a good deal. But, great as was our affection, we soon found out that, keep it as warm as we might, still it would not make the kettle boil nor provide food and raiment.

John was a lawyer by profession, so of course we had imagined there could be no possible difficulty in our not only making a livelihood, but in amassing a fortune within a few years; but, alas!

"The best laid plans of mice and men
Gang oft a-glee."

And this proved especially true in our case. The practice in B— did not amount to \$400

per annum, and it yearly grew worse, until at last we were forced to admit that it was impossible to provide even the necessities of life for ourselves and the babies, who came every two years. First, Fred was born, and then, at intervals of two years each, Kate and Isabel. It was just after Isabel's birth that we decided to change our place of residence, and try what Dame Fortune was disposed to do for us in the nearest city—Montreal. So one cold day in November we packed up our worldly gear and followed our furniture into town.

I did not feel very lonesome at leaving B—, as we had rather kept aloof from society there, dreading that curse of all villages, that afflicted B— in a most particular manner. I mean gossip and scandal.

You may imagine my astonishment on finding the house which John had taken for us, and which he had described to me as being of "a convenient and middling size," to be a two-story stone house on St. Antoine Street, the rent £50 a year and taxes,—we who had nothing in the world but our furniture and £15 cash! I am not easily discouraged, but I'll admit I was then. However, I saw plainly that something must be done immediately, and that I must be the one to do it, for what could John do but wait for practice? He did speak of giving up his profession, and trying to get a situation of some sort; but I would not hear of that any more than he would, at first, listen to my plan of taking a few boarders. He positively would not hear of such a thing, and it was only by dint of great persistence, and, I may say, clear reasoning that he granted me the required permission.

I spent a few shillings in advertising, and within a week had the great good fortune of securing two gentlemanly young men as boarders at \$20 a month each.

I was quite elated at my success, and determined to make them as comfortable as I possibly could, well knowing that that would be the surest means of procuring others.

They were clerks in the same mercantile house, and, as I said, both nice fellows; but I must say I preferred Mr. Malcolm, a young Scotchman, just a few weeks out from Scotland. Mr. Ervine was very quiet and pleasant, but Mr. Malcolm was the soul of good nature.

He had been with us about two months when one day he came to me in great distress. He said he had but one sister, Jean; that they were orphans and quite alone in the world, with the exception of a maiden aunt, a sister of their father's. It was in her care that he had left Jeanie when he decided to try his fortune in Canada; but that he had just received a telegram from his sister, saying that she was in Portland, and would be in Montreal the very next day. The poor fellow was at his wit's end with wonder and annoyance, and all he could do was to beg of me to take her as a boarder, and, if I could possibly do so, to "see after her a bit," as he said; "for," he added, "it is easy for you to see she is but a thoughtless creature, and goodness knows what's brought her out here."

Of course I consented to do the best I could for her, and instantly set to work to arrange a room for her. I was not in very good spirits, for though the money for her board was not to be despised, the prospect of having a giddy-headed young woman added to my cares was anything but bright.

She arrived the next day with her trunks, or I should better describe it as her trunks arriving with her, for I never saw such a number belonging to one small person.

I was surprised to see that she was exceedingly pretty (which did not lessen my fear of the trouble I expected she would give me). Auburn hair, dark grey eyes, shaded by long dark lashes, a lovely complexion, piquant features, a perfect little figure (she was quite petite) made up a very charming *tout-ensemble*. Although I was slightly prejudiced against her, I could not dislike her. In fact my heart opened to her from the very first, and I soon perceived that, as generally happens, I had drawn a very false picture of her in my mind. From her escapade of coming to Canada without asking her brother's advice, or even of warning him of her projected journey, I had imagined her to be a wild, giddy thing; but, on the contrary, although she was gay enough, she was not at all giddy.

She was with me a great deal during the first month of her stay with us, and, in one of our intimate "talks," she told me of her engagement to a Mr. McDonald.

"He is much older than I am," she said; "I am only eighteen, and he—oh! he is ever so old! more than forty, I am sure; but aunt says I need some staid person to take care of me, and he is very staid. I never saw him laugh; but he is very kind to me, and writes me such nice fatherly letters."

I saw plainly that she was not much in love with her "futar," and, according to my usual habit, I drew a fancy sketch of him in my mind,—a cold, stern, money-making Scotchman,—and I did not wonder that she should be quite content and happy away from him. I had never heard the reason of her sudden visit to Canada, but I inferred that the maiden aunt was of the opinion that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," and had hurried Jeanie off that she might persevere in her present happy frame of mind until the wedding, which was to take place in August, and for which she was to return to Scotland.

The knowledge of her engagement was a great relief to me, and I no longer thought it necessary to keep such a strict watch over her as I

had at first done. The consequence was that, having a great deal to attend to just then, a teething baby and an unruly servant, I left my three boarders very much to themselves, quite satisfied when I heard Mr. Malcolm's voice in the parlor.

Jeanie made acquaintance with a number of very nice people, people with whom I was a stranger, and, so, from one reason or another, we soon fell back into our normal positions of landlady and boarder.

Things went on in this way until about the middle of the month of June, when one day Miss Malcolm announced her intention of visiting Niagara with a party of her friends, of whom were to be her brother and Mr. Ervine. They were to leave on Monday and return on the Thursday of the same week; but unfortunately Mr. Ervine received orders from his employers to leave for Chicago on very urgent business on Wednesday at the latest, and he consequently would be unable to return to Montreal with the remainder of the party.

He seemed very much perturbed at this news, which was the more surprising as we all knew that this journey would lead to sure advancement, and, most probably, eventually to a junior partnership in the firm. But strange as was his apparent unwillingness to accept the task assigned him, Miss Malcolm's evident distress was even more singular, and for the first time I surmised there might have been more going on before my eyes than I had noticed—that these two entertained for each other a feeling warmer than friendship.

I was unable to verify my suspicions, as they left for their trip the next morning.

During their absence a number of letters arrived for them. Mr. Ervine's I forwarded to his address in Chicago, and Mr. Malcolm's and his sister's I gave them on their arrival home on Thursday evening.

I was not surprised that Miss Malcolm should keep her room that evening, as she was very pale, and, I concluded, much fatigued.

But I was really startled by her looks when she came down to breakfast the next morning; I was more, I was seriously alarmed.

"Why, Miss Malcolm, you are not looking at all well this morning," I said to her; "I fear your trip has been more injurious than beneficial to you. Are you ill?"

"Oh, no!" she said, "it is nothing. I am very much fatigued and passed a wretched night. I shall keep my room to-day, and be all right by the evening."

That evening her brother came into my sitting-room and begged to speak a few words to me alone. When I had sent the children away, "Mrs. Lang," said he, "I am very much concerned about Jean."

"Why," I asked, "is she ill? She looked far from well this morning, but I thought her looking better when I saw her about an hour ago!"

"She is not looking strong; but she says she is not ill. She is weeping bitterly now. Would you be so kind as to go to her. Perhaps she might tell you what ails her."

Certainly, I said I would go; but that I doubted whether she would tell me, especially if it were anything serious, as I had become such a stranger to her.

I was exceedingly grieved for the poor little creature, for I thought I understood what troubled her.

Mr. Malcolm left me at her door, at which I knocked several times ere I was admitted.

I found her as her brother had said, apparently in great distress, and, to tell the truth, now I had got there I knew not what to say, how to console her; so I said the first thing that came to my mind.

"My dear Miss Malcolm, what is the matter with you? Are you ill? Your brother fears that you are, and has sent me to you. Can I be of any service? Speak to me, my dear," I continued, putting my arms around her as she continued to sob hysterically. She looked so very youthful, such a mere child, that I felt very much grieved and alarmed for her. I held her for a moment in my arms, when she suddenly threw hers around my neck, sobbing out:

"Oh! dear Mrs. Lang! dear, dear Mrs. Lang, will you—can you help me? Oh! what will Allan, what will Aunt Marion say?"

"What is the matter, dear?" asked I, interrupting her. "Tell me, and perhaps I can help you."

She hid her face for a moment in her hands, and then she murmured:

"I am married!"

"Married!" I cried. "How, where, to whom? Explain—tell me. To whom are you married? When were you married?"

"To Mr. Ervine, on Tuesday," said she, growing suddenly calmer.

"To Mr. Ervine! on Tuesday!" I repeated, almost stunned by this very unexpected piece of intelligence. "Does your brother know?"

"No, Allan knows nothing, suspects nothing. Whilst the rest of our party were resting after our visit to the Falls, we were married, and back at the hotel before our absence had been noticed."

"But was it a sudden resolve on your part? Had you thought of this before?"

"Oh, yes, we had arranged everything before we left Montreal,—and Allan does not know! Oh! what shall I do? How shall I tell him? If only Mr. Ervine had not been obliged to go on that unfortunate journey; if he were here he would tell Allan. He promised to write to both him and to aunt; but I cannot bear this secret alone, I never had a secret before!"

I thought she had done pretty well for a first attempt, but I said:

"And what about Mr. McDonald? Does he know?"

"No, no, he knows nothing of it either," and she began to sob again; so I drew her to the lounge, and by dint of caressing and soothing, I succeeded in quieting her sufficiently to enable her to tell me her story at least coherently.

"The worst of it is," she continued, "the letter you received for me on Monday is from him, and he tells me that he will be here almost as soon as his letter. If he should come during Mr. Ervine's absence I know not what to do! I almost think it were best to leave him in ignorance of my marriage until George comes back."

"Why, child, you surely would never dream of such a thing! Receive him as your betrothed? You? A married woman?"

"Ah, yes!" she said discouragedly, "I had not thought of that. What shall I do? What would you advise?"

"Well, my dear," said I, "this is an entirely new experience for me; but I should say, confess everything by all means. Concealments are always wrong, and generally injudicious. The task is a hard one, I grant you; but then you must expect a little bitter to mingle with the happiness you have—" I was about to say "stolen," but checked myself and said, "the happiness you have won."

Just then the door-bell rang.

"Oh, who can that be?" cried she, starting, and trembling violently.

"Some one for Mr. Lang, doubtless," I answered; "and now, as I see your nerves are quite unstrung, I shall leave you, and you must go to bed immediately. I will send you up a cup of tea, and, in the meanwhile, think no more of your troubles. I will tell your brother everything to-night, and I think that, between us, we can find some way of breaking the news to Mr. McDonald without your being obliged to see him."

I bade her good-night and left her. At the door of my sitting-room stood Mr. Malcolm, awaiting my return. I motioned him to a seat, and told him everything without further preamble. He was dreadfully angry. Not with his sister, for he said she was such a childish creature that he did not blame her, but with Mr. Ervine. I can't begin to tell you all the harsh things he said of him, nor of the vows of vengeance he took.

I said nothing, but let him rant on until his anger was quite exhausted. He had grown as nearly calm as could be expected, when Mary, the housemaid, (the one who is with us yet) knocked at the door and presented a card for Mr. Malcolm. She said that the gentleman had asked for Miss Malcolm, but that, in accordance with Miss Malcolm's directions to her that morning, she had said that she was too unwell to see any one. He had then asked for Mr. Malcolm, but "Sure I thought you had gone out, and I told him so," said she. He had then left a card, saying that he would call in the morning.

I made her a sign to leave the room, and turned to Mr. Malcolm, who stood gazing fixedly at the card in his hand. I could not imagine what could be the matter, he looked so dazed. I was still looking at him with curiosity when he slowly raised his eyes, and with a smile, partly of anger and partly of amusement:

"Well, well," said he, "here's a pretty business."

He handed me the card, on which was written in a business-like hand:

"DONALD E. McDONALD,
"Glasgow."

It was my turn to be surprised, and I most decidedly was so.

"Is it Jeanie's Mr. McDonald?" I asked as I handed the card back.

"Yes, it's Jeanie's Mr. McDonald, and a nice mess she has made of things. I wonder what on earth she'll do. No use of my trying to smooth matters. Oh! what a daft creature she is!"

"But must she see him, Mr. Malcolm? Is there no means of preventing that? She is so nervous and weak that I'm sure she will be very ill if she is obliged to meet him."

"Yes, if I may judge by what I know of McDonald's character, I should say that she must see him, will ye, will ye. The only thing to be done is to try and soften his anger beforehand—before he sees her, I mean. I would willingly do that much for poor misguided Jean, but it is too late for me to go hunting around for him to-night. You see he has not given his address, and to-morrow morning I must, of course, be at the store. I'll try and get leave for the afternoon, but of what use? He will most probably be here as early as possible." He stood thinking, silently twisting the card. At last he looked up deprecatingly, and said:

"It is a great deal to ask of you, Mrs. Lang; your kind interest in poor Jean urges me. Will you see him?"

"I? Oh! how could I see him? How would he take the news (and such news!) from me, an utter stranger?" I explained to him that my unwillingness did not arise from any selfish motive, but was entirely on Mr. McDonald's account.

Finally we decided that I should see Mr. McDonald when he called, and give him a gentle hint of how matters stood; or, at all events, to rouse his sympathies by dwelling on Jeanie's weak state of nerves. In fact, I was to imply that, if she was not quite ill, she was at least in a delicate state of health.

I shall not tell you of Miss Malcolm's tears and wailing when Mr. McDonald's arrival was announced to her, nor of the difficulty we had in persuading her to consent to see him. Suffice

that we prevailed, and that she did consent to tell him all should a meeting prove unavoidable.

About ten o'clock the next morning he arrived, asked for Miss Malcolm, and was shown into the parlor. I went down, and oh! what a flutter I was in! However, I tried to command myself, and went in, of course expecting to see a stern Scotchman of the granite type. Imagine my surprise on being confronted with a tall, stout gentleman, who flushed and grew pale as I hastened to explain my errand; and very glad was I to get it over, although I am sure you could not have said which of us was the most nervous. When I had told him how weak Jeanie was, or was supposed to be, and how necessary it was to avoid all exciting topics of conversation (at least on his part), I went for her and left her at the door.

I returned to my sitting-room, and waited there in as great a tremor as though I had been one of the parties the most concerned. I could not remain quiet. I wandered from my room to the stairs, to and fro, for about twenty minutes, when I heard a burst of hysterical sobs and laughter, and Mr. McDonald's voice calling: "Mrs. Lang! Mrs. Lang!"

I ran down.

"For Heaven's sake, see to her!" cried he, as he literally rushed past me, and out into the street.

I did not mind him, but hurried forward to Jeanie, who, with head thrown back against her chair, was laughing and crying at one and the same time.

"Oh! Mrs. Lang!" she cried. "Oh! oh! oh! my! Just fancy! He is married too, and—and—and—to—to my aunt!"

I literally gasped for breath. And then I began scolding her, for there she sat, laughing one moment and sobbing the next. She grew quieter under my scolding, and at last composed enough to tell me what had occurred.

She said that she had been too nervous and frightened at first to remark his looks, and that her anxiety to get the worst over, she had immediately broached the subject that weighed on her mind, and began telling him that she had long ago found out how unfitted she was to become his wife, that she had discovered that she could not love him as a woman should love her future husband; that, unconsciously, her heart had been drawn to another, and that—though she regretted not having had the courage to tell him before how matters were—that she was married! She had then raised her eyes, shocked at her own temerity, and dreading his anger, when, to her intense astonishment, far from seeming angry, he had started forward with an air of great relief, had grasped her hands and shook them warmly, congratulating her, and had added: "Now I no longer fear to ask your felicitations. Coward that I am to have allowed you so to distress yourself. But, believe me, it was only surprise at the coincidence that prevented my interrupting your story, for I also am married, and I am sure you will now gladly receive me as your uncle. I am married to your Aunt Marion, who is now waiting for you at the Hotel!"

She had then burst into that fit of laughter and weeping which had so frightened him.

Well, to make a long story short, Mrs. McDonald, who was as much relieved as her husband at the news of Jeanie's marriage, received both her and Mr. Ervine very affectionately.

They remained in Canada for a month, when, after a visit to the United States, they went back to Scotland, taking Jeanie and her husband with them on a visit.

Now, girls, it is time for you to go to bed, and for me to get a little rest after this unaccustomed exertion of story-telling.

Another night, if you care to hear, I will tell you something more about my boarders.

(To be Continued.)

SLAVE MAKING AND TYRANT MAKING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The boy who is kicked and cuffed at four years old is ready at six to kick and cuff his little brother, and to stone or beat to death the first dog or cat he can torture unpunished. To be first a slave is the proper preparation to be next a tyrant. Nobody, we presume, questions this as a general principle; but, by a strange perversion of truth, the harshness and cruelty thus nurtured have been commonly confounded with manliness and courage. Fathers—themselves subjected in youth to such ruinous treatment, and with the finer fibres of their feelings thereby injured—are wont to condemn their boys to undergo the same process, with the dull and dogged assertion that it is "good" for them; and that it will "make a man" of Harry or Alfred to be "knocked about a little," and obliged to "fight his way" in a public school. To teach a boy to be manly and courageous by exposing him to injustice and cruelty, is as absurd as to try to make him physically healthy by causing him to breathe foul air. The boy who is subjected to such discipline is learning, in fact, to be the very reverse of manly; he is in good training for a bully. The only spirit which could enable him to endure such wrongs without moral injury—the martyr spirit of forgiveness of trespasses—is one, as yet, unattainable, and which, moreover, nobody for a moment expects a school-boy to display, or even to understand. His "honor," as he comprehends it—poor child!—lies in rendering blow for blow and insult for insult. And to call out this heathen, savage spirit, in the yet unformed minds and hearts of our boys is supposed, forsooth, to be the proper way to

make them grow up into manly Christian gentlemen! In the vast old Winchester school-room the motto of the great founder, Bishop William of Wykeham, stands conspicuously inscribed, "Manners Makyth Manne." It is somewhat sad to discover from some recent correspondence in the newspapers what are the sort of "manners" which are supposed to "make men." In the first place, we are told that the system of flogging is still carried out there in the old barbarous way. The juniors are required to do hard menial work—to clean windows and plates, sweep carpets and so on—for their seniors, and are beaten for any neglect or disobedience. Next, and more important, it appears that the "prefects"—boys mostly of seventeen years of age—are each permitted to flog the juniors at discretion, with cruel rods, made of ground-ash sticks, several feet long. The smallest mistake of their lordly orders, or neglect of their comfort, is visited on the poor little fag with a regular scouring of twenty or thirty severe blows, with one of these instruments, and we are told that no less than 120 of such floggings have been administered during the yet unfinished term at Winchester. One gentleman states that he has seen a boy's coat cut to ribbons by a ground-ash, and his neck blue and bleeding from splinters from the instrument of torture. Assuredly, while philanthropists are discussing whether it be not too cruel to flog garters in gaol for smashing their victims' skulls and gouging out their eyes, it is time we should discuss whether innocent young gentlemen sent to a great public school, for moral and intellectual education, are to be subjected to similar torture and degradation for no offence whatever but resisting the arbitrary despotism of their school-fellows, and appealing to their masters for justice. But, if we cannot hope but that the poor boys subjected to such unmerited wrongs will be thenceforward nevertheless morally injured, what shall we say of the consequences to these young "prefects" being actually upheld in their tyranny, and allowed to believe that it is quite right and proper for a bully of seventeen to deliberately inflict pain and demoralisation on one of his companions, who happens to be younger than himself, and therefore liable to endure his despotism? Will it be anything short of a miracle if these lads, when they become, hereafter, masters, employers, officers, husbands, and fathers, do not retain the habits of oppression and cruelty thus fostered in boyhood? If it was our object to open a school of young Neros and Domitians; if we wished to multiply brutal captains of our ships, savage wife-beaters, and pitiless vivisectioners, what more efficacious system of moral education could we devise than that of putting ground-ash rods into the hands of every senior boy in a school, and bidding him use it on those younger and weaker than himself at such discretion as he may chance to possess at the mature age of seventeen! Mothers are often accused of wanting to "make their boys milk-sops" by keeping them at home. We must confess that, while such cruelties are sanctioned in our public schools, we think that, both for the physical and moral welfare of their children, they have a right to lift up their voice and say, "My son shall neither be trained to be a tyrant nor tortured as a slave."—*News of the World.*

ORIGIN OF THE "FIGHTING EDITOR."

The *John Bull* newspaper, edited by Theodore Hook, frequently indulged in offensive personalities, in remarking on the conduct and character of public men. A military hero, who would persist in placing himself conspicuously before the world's gaze, received a copious share of what he considered malignant and libellous abuse in the columns of the said newspaper. His soldier's spirit resolved on revenge. An officer and a gentleman could not demean himself by calling on a hireling scribbler for honorable satisfaction. No! he would horse-whip the miscreant in his own den—the *Bull* would be taken by the horn!

Donning his uniform and arming himself with a huge whip, he called at the office of the paper, and scarcely concealing his agitation, inquired for the editor. He was invited by the clerk to take a seat in the room. He complied, and was kept waiting while the clerk, who recognized the visitor, ran up stairs and informed the editorial responsibility of his name and evident purport. After an aggravating delay, which served considerably to increase the ill-temper of the officer, the door opened, and a coarse, rough-looking man, over six feet in height, with a proportionate breadth of the shoulder, and armed with a bludgeon, entered the room.

Walking up to the surprised and angry visitor, he said, in a voice of thunder:—

"Are you the chap as wants to see me?"

"You, no; I wish to see the editor of the paper."

"That's me; I'm the werry man."

"There must be some mistake."

"Not a morsel! I'm the head hitter of this *Bull*," said the fellow, bringing the nobbed end of his bludgeon in fearful proximity to the officer's caput.

"You the editor! Impossible!"

"Do you mean to say I'm telling a lie?" roared the ruffian, as he again raised his knotty argument.

"Certainly not—by no means!" said the officer, rapidly cooling down, and dropping the whip and his wrath at the same time.

"Werry well, then! What are you wanting wi' me?"

"A mistake, my dear sir; all a mistake. I expected to meet another person. I'll call some other day," and the complainant backed to the door, bowing to the drawn stick before him.

"And don't let me catch you coming again without knowing who and what you want. We're always ready here for all sorts of customers—army or naval, civil or military, horse, foot or dragoons."

The officer retired, resolving to undergo another going by the *Bull* before he again ventured to encounter the herculean proportions of the fighting editor.

When the clerk informed the occupants of the editorial sanctum of the visit of the irate Colonel, neither Hook nor the publishers cared to face the horsewhip. A well known pugilist, the landlord of a tavern in the vicinity, was instantly sent for; a slight preparation fitted him for the part, in which he acquitted himself with complete success. The story rapidly circulated, and the reputation of the "fighting editor" of the *John Bull* prevented further remonstrances from persons who felt themselves aggrieved by the liberty of the press.

EGYPTIAN LUXURY.

In the palaces of the Viceroy, or Khedive as he is now called, are seen the signs of Eastern luxury and the material civilization of France; delicately carved and gilded chairs, covered with finest silk; soft-tapestried divans running around the walls; beds of solid silver, covered with glittering satin, costing as much as 15,000 dol. each; long Eastern pipes with mouth-pieces of lightest-colored amber, set with diamonds and precious stones, some of them valued at 30,000 dol. a-piece; gold trays, plates and goblets of gold, rimmed with gems—even diamonds; silver basins to wash the hands in before a repast; low, round silver tables, a foot high, for dining; magnificent cushions to recline on in smoking or eating; little coffee-cups of solid clusters of diamonds, rubies, or emeralds; hundreds of slaves in each establishment, eunuchs, waiting-women in flowing costumes; immense rooms decorated in white and gold, azure and silver, rose and lily; floor of inlaid marble, porphyry, and alabaster; constantly playing fountains, whose trickling sounds fall so agreeably on the ear in a warm country; masses of gorgeously framed mirrors. One sees in all this that the French upholsterer has been at work trying his best to blend Paris and Cairo. This is viceregal magnificence within. Without, in the great gardens about the palaces of Gizek and Kiosk, there are white statues on green backgrounds, columns partially covered with vine tendrils, marble walks, mosaic pavements, velvet-like verdure, the spray of fountains sparkling in the rays of a sun which never fails to come at its appointed hour, the air charged with the perfume of flowers. Here is really dream-land—the lotus country where it is always afternoon. On fête nights bright, globed lights, distributed through these grounds, whiten the rose, flicker through the branches, and send shafts of silver across the sward; rockets, serpents, revolving-wheels, and various other kinds of fireworks blaze out upon the night, and for a time pale the fire of torches and lamps. One is at first inclined to believe that this is a scene of the "Arabian Nights;" but when strains of "Barbe Bleue" are borne through the air, the mistake is corrected and the place discovered to be Mabilie—less the Parisians.

BEREAVED.

Fold up the richly-embroidered robe, lay by the tiny shoe and white-plumed cap, for the poisoned death dart has for ever stilled the pulse of the little wearer. The dead lids curtain the sea-blue eyes; the dimpled hands are folded rigidly over the pure white breast; the prattling voice is hushed, and the pattering feet are cold and silent for ever. The broken toy is neglected, and the radiant smile, that seemed like a summer rainbow about our home, has frozen upon the pallid lips. The rosewood crib is tenantless now, but in the narrow little coffin we find its occupant; and there, too, is the heart-smitten Rachel, bending in stony woe above the babe whose spirit smiles in glory. The nestling dove has flown from her bosom, and long will it be ere the windows of her darkened heart are opened for the song of birds, the breath of dew blossoms, or the sparkling sunshine to enter. Time will move on, and other immortals may flutter their stateliness wings about the parent-nest, but no after-joys can dim the memory of the sainted first-born. Life seems now but a broad Sahara, with no gleaming, green oasis—no bubbling springs and shady palms to lure the weary pilgrim over its arid waste. "The shroud and coffin and the rattling clouds!" She shudders, and bends with wilder grief above the starry child, the precious seed—her first seed, so soon to be sown in God's holy acre. The tender nursing, the cherished idol, has gone, bearing her tiny life, scroll folded, and without blemish or stain, no earth-taint marring the sacred script.

VULGARITY.

We commend the following extract to the thoughtful study of the young:—Nothing is so disgusting and repugnant to the feelings of the noble and the good as to hear the young or even

the old, use profane, low or vulgar language. The young of our towns are particularly guilty of profanity. In our day it seems the "boy" unless he can excel in this great sin, is considered "childish" by his fast companions. We would guard the young against the use of every word that is not strictly proper. Use no profane expression—allude to no sentence that will put to blush the most sensitive. You know not the tendency of habitually using indecent and profane language. It may never be obliterated from your heart. When you grow up you will find at your tongue's end some expression which you would not use for money. It was used when quite young. By using care you will save a great deal of mortification and sorrow. Good men have been taken sick and become delirious. In these moments they used the most vile and indecent language imaginable. When informed of it after restoration to health they had no idea of the pain they caused; they had learned and repeated the expressions in childhood, and though years had passed since, they had been indelibly stamped upon the heart. Think of this, you who are tempted to use improper language and never disgrace yourselves.

WHERE ARE THEY?

Where is the railway passenger who, when he leaves the train, is so commonly polite as to shut the door behind him?

Where is the tourist who can contrive to change a £5 bill upon the continent and not find himself a loser thereby?

Where is the butler who allows his master's friends to taste as good a glass of wine as he produces for his own?

Where is the reading party which sticks closely to its studies even in the finest weather.

Where is the public orator who can ever keep his promise to "say a few words only?"

Where is the billiard marker who will win your money from you and refrain from assigning half his victory to flukes?

Where is the railway porter who will hurry to attend to you if you are known upon the line as one obeying strictly the placarded direction to give no fees to any servants of the company?

Where is the builder who never lets his bill exceed his given estimate?

Where are they born the people who say cowmumber, hospitable, nayther, and advertisements?

Where is the organ fiend who will move off from your door without your fetching a policeman?

Where is the barber who can manage to content himself with cutting your hair simply, without making any cutting remarks on its scantiness?

And lastly—Where is the young lady who can pack up her own boxes and not leave half her "things" behind her?

A TRUTHFUL ALLEGORY.

A traveller was pursued by a unicorn. In his affright he fell, and, as a fallen man, caught at whatever was in his way; he caught the branches of a tree. He looked before himself, and saw a fearful precipice. He looked back, and saw the unicorn ready to destroy him. He looked again before, and saw a hideous dragon, with jaws ready to receive him. He looked at the roots of the tree, and saw two rats, one white and the other black, gnawing alternately at them. He looked among the branches of the tree, and saw it filled with poisonous asps, ready to sting him; but from their lips dropped honey. Regardless of surrounding danger, he caught the honey, ate it, and perished. O man! see here thyself! the tree is life; the unicorn death; the precipice, eternity; the dragon, the destroyer; the rats, day and night, numbering the hours of thy stay on earth; the asps, thy own bad passions; the honey, pleasure, of which thou partakest to thy eternal ruin.

NEVER PLAY A PART.

Be what you are, and do not be ashamed of it. If Heaven made you this, or that, or the other, you are that and nothing else. You are only a plain person: very well; it is good to be a plain person. At all events, don't try to be stylish, nor pretend that your uncle, the shoe-maker, was an English nobleman. You have no "grand aspirations," no "yearning after lofty things," so don't pretend that you have. Neither roll your eyes, nor quote poetry that you do not understand. You can't play the piano; then don't say you are "out of practice." Out with your opinions. If you think a thing wrong, say so; don't wink at it because it is fashionable. Take the common-sense which God has given you and use it. Some silly folk may smile, but you will meet with some one, after a while, who will appreciate your truthfulness, and say, "No humbug there," and take you at your true value. And if not, why, you will respect yourself, and that a humbug never does.

Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, has, it is stated, found among the Assyrian records an account of a deluge similar to that recorded in Genesis. Mr. Smith will read a paper on the subject before the Society of Biblical Archeology.

THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JAN. 11, 1873.

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RAILWAY SWITCHES.

The frequency of railway accidents in various parts of the world has somewhat blunted our sense of the danger which those who travel much are constantly exposed from any trifling act of carelessness on the part of railway employees; and we scarcely give a thought to the hundreds of lives which one man frequently is responsible for, and all of which he may sacrifice by one act of carelessness. One employee who is frequently the cause of an accident is the switchman. In investigating the causes of railway accidents in England, it has been found that many of them are attributable to the carelessness of the switchman in leaving the switch open. To obviate this carelessness, the New York & North Western Company have been experimenting with a new safety switch, which not only possesses the feature of novelty, but promises to compel the switchman to close the switch. The invention is thus described: The lever of the switch is enclosed in a small house or sentry box, the door of which is locked. When the switchman enters the house and opens the switch, he thereby shuts the door of the house or box from which he cannot make his exit till, by shutting the switch, he thereby opens the door of the box. If by any chance a train comes along while the switch is open he must make his escape from the box to avoid the probability of being himself killed. He cannot make his escape without shutting the switch. The idea of making the switchman responsible with his own life for the lives of those in the train, is a good one, and likely to make him very careful, and so lessen one of the dangers to which railway passengers are exposed. The iron horse is a very good animal, but he requires to be driven carefully, and to have his road well selected and kept clear, and any invention which can facilitate the accomplishment of either of these objects is worthy of attention.

PUNISHING MURDER.

The assize column of the London *Times* of 19th December contained six verdicts of murder, and sentences of death passed on the culprits. What a contrast to the fate of cold blooded assassins in the United States; there we see constantly accounts of horrible murders, but rarely of any convictions, and still more rarely of any executions, except, indeed occasionally some exasperated citizens doubtful of the efficacy of the law, take the matter into their own hands and lynch some perpetrator of a more than usually brutal murder. The prisons of the United States are filled with murderers—there are twenty-five in the Tombs, New York, alone—and only a very small percentage of them are in any danger of suffering the extreme penalty of the law. The people seem to have grown so much accustomed to

atrocious crimes that their senses have become partially blunted, and in their compassion for the murderer in the dock, they forget the fate of his victim and their duty to society. As long as capital punishment remains on the statute books so long it is our duty to society to endeavor to bring the murderer to justice; and it is our duty too to sentence him to death if he be found guilty; but there are many who do not believe in the efficacy of capital punishment, and who, therefore, always lean too much on the side of mercy. We would rather see some other punishment than death substituted for murder, but as long as the penalty for taking a man's life is hanging, we say execute the law and hang the murderer; and we hope that our American cousins will follow the example of their English brethren and hang some of the thousand murderers now confined in the various jails in the United States.

DUMMY ENGINES.

The late epizootic seems to have again directed public attention to the use of dummy engines. The sudden prostration of all the horses in a large city, and the consequent suspension of business, and inconvenience in obtaining means of transit, is a serious thing to contemplate, and one experience of it will probably prove enough to set some inventive minds to work to discover some more sure, reliable, powerful and speedier agent of transportation than the horse, which for ages has stood man's best dumb servant and friend. It appears to us that the days of the horse as a beast of burthen in large cities are numbered; of course, the horse will always be used for pleasure and enjoyment, and also in agriculture—albeit steam plows, &c., are trying hard to drive him from that field of usefulness—but in large cities we expect to see his place filled, in a few years, by either the "iron horse" or some other motive power, which can do more work at less cost. The expense of keeping a horse in a large city is one of the main objections to his use, and it is universally admitted that street cars could be run at about one half of the present expense if dummy engines were used. The three main objections to the use of these engines in cities are, their noise, the smoke, and their curious appearance which is calculated to frighten horses; the first and second objections we expect to see fully surmounted, and as for the last, we fear the horses will have to learn to put up with the appearance of the engines, or seek "fresh fields and pastures new" where dummy engines are unknown.

MUSCULAR PRUSSIAN.

Amongst the numerous reasons given for the wonderful success of the Prussians in the late war was their superior physique over the French. Some recent statistics show that not only were the men who fought before Sedan physically superior to their antagonists, but they were also superior to the Prussians of the past. The men in the German army at Sedan averaged three inches round the chest more than the French, and two inches more than the Prussians who fought at Waterloo. This surprising increase in the physical power of the people is attributed, and probably with justice, to the fifty years of stringent military training enforced on the entire male population. Here is a powerful argument in favor of a compulsory military system.

LITERARY ITEMS.

THE Grand Duke Alexis is to bow himself to the people in print. He kept a diary while here and wherever he has traveled, and the matter is to be worked up into a volume of travels by a man who understands how to do that sort of thing.

THE *Lakeside Monthly*, for December, is, in all respects, an interesting and readable number. This publication is rapidly winning a high place

among the leading periodicals of the day. The present number contains a continuation of the translation of a Polish novel, entitled "The Million in the Garret," which increases in interest with each instalment. Among other contributions are an essay on Wordsworth. A sketch of Miss Middy Morgan, and several other articles equally readable. It is to be sincerely hoped that the *Lakeside* will meet with the favor and popularity that it deserves. It is a publication that has long been needed in Chicago, and an enterprise that should, everywhere in the great West, meet with liberal patronage.

"SCRIBNER'S HOLIDAY NUMBER."—The third instalment of Dr. Holland's new novel, "Arthur Bonnicastle," appears in the January (holiday) number of *Scribner's*, accompanied by a very beautiful design from the pencil of Miss Hallock. The same number is rich in short stories and sketches, the most striking of the former being Saxe Holm's "One-Legged Dancers." The list of names in the table of contents is altogether the most interesting and distinguished yet given. William Morris, George MacDonald, Bret Harte, Philip Gilbert Hamerton (author of "Thoughts on Art," "The Unknown River," etc.), Charles Dudley Warner, Edward Eggleston, Christina Rossetti, Edmund C. Stedman, C. S. Calverley (author of "Fly-Leaves"), Edward King, and William C. Bryant contribute characteristic poems, stories, sketches, and essays. Particular attention should be called to Mr. Morris's poem (we believe the longest he has ever published in an American magazine); MacDonald's exquisite rendering of a "Spiritual Song," from the German of Novalis; Mr. Stedman's scholarly essay on "Victorian Poets;" Col. Higginson's important suggestion in the matter of "Inter-collegiate Scholarships;" the splendidly illustrated article on Virginia, and Mr. King's graphic account of the "Finding of Livingstone." Mr. Warner's "Night in the Garden of the Tuileries," and Dr. Eggleston's "Christmas Club," are both rather marvelous stories, but we suppose will not lack believers. In "Topics of the Time" Dr. Holland discusses the Popular Capacity for Scandal; Criticism; and the Free Church Problem. The "Old Cabinet" contains A Visitor; Relics; and Something I found in the Cars. In "Home and Society" we find Rank and Raiment, Window Gardening; and Listen! "Nature and Science" tells of a Substitute for Coal, etc.; and in "Culture and Progress," besides the Book Reviews, there are notices of the late Opera Season and Thomas Moran's Water-color Drawings. The Etchings are particularly good this month. They are by Hopkin, and are entitled, "A Matrimonial Stock Operation."

TWO LITTLE BOYS.

MARK TWAIN'S STORY OF THE POOR LITTLE STEPHEN GIRARD.

The man lives in Philadelphia who, when young and poor, entered a bank, and says he, "Please, sir, don't you want a little boy?" And the stately personage said, "No, little boy, I don't want a little boy." The little boy, whose heart was too full for utterance, chewing a piece of licorice stick he had bought with a cent he had stolen from his good and pious aunt, with sobs plainly audible, and with great globules of water running down his cheeks, glided silently down the marble steps of the bank. Bending his noble form, the bank man dodged behind a door, for he thought the little boy was going to shy a stone at him. But the boy picked up something and stuck it in his poor but ragged jacket. "Come here, little boy," and the little boy did come here; and the bank man said, "Lo, what pickest thou up?" And he answered and said, "A pin." And the bank man said, "Little boy, are you good?" and he said he was. And the bank man said, "How do you vote?—excuse me, do you go to Sunday-school?" and he said he did. Then the bank man took down a pen made of pure gold and flowing with pure ink, and wrote on a piece of paper, "St. Peter," and asked the little boy what it stood for, and he said "Sault Peter." Then the bank man said it meant "Saint Peter." The little boy said "Oh."

The bank man took his little boy to his bosom, and the little boy said "Oh!" again, for he squeezed him. Then the bank man took the little boy into a partnership, and gave him half the profits and all the capital, and he married the bank man's daughter, and all he has is all his, and all his own too.

STORY OF ANOTHER LITTLE BOY.

My uncle told me this story, and I spent six weeks picking up pins in front of a bank. I expected the bank man would call me in and say, "Little boy, are you good?" and I was going to say "Yes;" and when he asked me what "St. John" stood for, I was going to say "Sault John." But I guess the bank man wasn't anxious to have a partner, and I guess the daughter was a son, for one day says he to me, "Little boy, what's that you are picking up?" Says I, awful meekly, "Pins." Says he, "Let's see 'em." And he took 'em, and I took off my cap, all ready to go in the bank and become a partner and marry his daughter. But I didn't get an invitation. He said, "Those pins belong to the bank, and if I catch you hanging around here any more I'll set the dogs on you." Then I left, and the mean old cuss kept the pins. Such is life as I find it.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE Erie Canal is damaged \$50,000 yearly by muskrats.

SOUTHERN, the actor, has played "Lord Dunsyre" 2,500 times.

THE oldest relic of humanity extant is the skeleton of the earliest Pharaoh, encased in its original burial-robes, and wonderfully perfect, considering its age, which is about 3,000 years.

A PATENT has been taken out in England for rendering fabrics unflammable by immersing them in a solution consisting of acetate of lime, 1 lb; chloride of calcium, 1 lb; boiling water, 2 lbs.

GONDOLAS are the cars, cabs, and stages of Venice. No less than four thousand are in daily use in that city. They are along all the quays, at all points in the Grand Canal, and, in fact, everywhere.

REPORTS says that the French post-office authorities have obtained a stamp-canceling ink which is absolutely indelible. Great losses have been experienced in the department for want of such a preparation.

THE poorness of the wine crop in France this year has caused the new wines for sparkling to advance to double the prices of last year. The annual product of the French champagne district is about 27,000,000 bottles.

PARIS has about two thousand artists, one-fourth of whom are said to be occupied manufacturing spurious pictures. These are signed with well-known names, and then sent over to America and sold as genuine pictures.

It is a curious fact with regard to the Presidents of the United States who have been elected to fill a second term of office that only two, Lincoln and Grant, had a son at the time of re-election. Of the others some had only daughters and the remainder were bachelors or childless.

A CAREFUL observer who was watched from half-past 2 a. m. until 8 p. m., these being the hours during which birds are busy seeking the early and later worm, finds by actual computation that the young thrush takes 206 meals a day. A young blackbird, more moderate, contents itself with exactly 99 meals, but the tiny titmouse needs 417 meals to keep its crop filled. And these meals consist wholly of insects.

It cost the "Jubilee" folks at Boston \$3,500 to procure the big drum. A few days ago it was sold at auction for \$22.50—not the cost of the pelts of the fifty and odd sheep used in its construction. At the same time the coliseum was sold under the hammer for \$10,000, which, it is said, is about one-twentieth of its original cost. It will probably be some time before Boston has another Peace Jubilee. It cannot be said that all the sound and fury of this demonstration signifies nothing. It represents a huge deficit in the financial accounts of a good many Bostonians.

THE estimated wealth of the most eminent writers of France, all of whom started in life without anything, is as follows: Victor Hugo, 600,000f; George Sand, nearly twice as much; Emile de Girardin, 3,500,000f; Adolphe Thiers, 1,000,000f; Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, 400,000f; Edmond About, 250,000f; Alphonse Karr, 100,000f; Jules Janin, 750,000f; Edouard Laboulaye, 100,000f; Victorien Sardou, 500,000f; Théophile Gautier, a millionaire and the widows of Scribe and Ponsard live in affluence. But the widow of the celebrated Proudhon has to eke out a precarious living as a washerwoman.

MRS. TIMOTHY BRADLEE, of Trumbull county, Ohio, lately presented her liege lord with eight pledges of her affection at one birth, three girls and five boys. The mother and children are reported "doing well;" the latter are quite healthy but very small. Mrs. Bradlee has been married six years and has had twelve children, two pairs of twins and the present eight. She appears to belong to a remarkable family being herself a triplet, her mother and father were each one of twins, and her grandmother the mother of five pairs of twins.

VARIOUS have always been the expedients of despairing lovers, and long is the catalogue of approved philters, charms, and other amorous succedaneums; but who ever heard before of employing an electrical-magnetical battery to mollify an obdurate fair one? This did a sighing swain in Arkansas the other day, under the advice of a fortune-teller. Watching his opportunity, he connected his battery with the seat of the maiden's chair, by her at that time occupied. At the first access of the fluid, she was thrown to a great height, and upon coming down, instead of being in a soft and sighing and yielding state, she so caressed the youth that when he left he was both bald and blind, while the electrical apparatus was terribly out of repair.

THE following is a statement of the average numbers, nightly, of the audience and employes of the 12 theatres, lying with a quarter of a mile radius of the Strand, in London: Drury Lane—average audience, 4,000; employes (before and behind the curtain), 1,100. Covent Garden—audience, 4,000; employes, 600. Queen's—audience, 2,500; employes, 154. Lyceum—audience, 2,500; employes, 130. Vaudeville—audience, 1,800; employes, 120. Adelphi—audience, 1,800; employes, 136. Charing Cross—audience, 800; employes, 65. Opera Comique—audience, 1,000; employes, 60. Strand—audience, 1,200; employes, 100. Olympic—audience, 800; employes, 80. Gaiety—audience, 1,500; employes, 150. Total—audiences, 22,680; employes, 2,725.

For the Favorite.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

She wasn't the least bit pretty,
And only the least bit gay;
And she walked with a firm, elastic tread,
In a business-like kind of way.
Her dress was of coarse, brown woollen,
Plainly but neatly made,
Trimmed with some common ribbon
Or cheaper kind of braid;
And a hat with a broken feather
And shawl of a modest plaid.

Her face seemed worn and weary,
And traced with lines of care,
As per nut-brown tresses blew aside
In the keen December air;
Yet she was not old, scarce twenty,
And her form was full and sleek;
But her heavy eye, and tired step,
Seemed of wearisome toil to speak;
She worked as a common factory girl,
For two dollars and a half a week.

Ten hours a day of labor
In a close, ill-lighted room,
Machinery's buzz for music,
Waste gas for sweet perfume;
Hot stifling vapors in summer,
Chill draughts on a winter's day,
No pause for rest or pleasure
On pain of being sent away,
So ran her civilized serfdom—
Four cents an hour the pay!

"A fair day's work," say the masters,
And "a fair day's pay," say the men;
There's a strike—a rise in wages,
What effect to the poor girl then?
A harder struggle than ever
The honest path to keep,
And to sink a little lower
Some humble home to seek;
For rates are higher—her wages,
Two dollars and a half a week.

A man gets thrice the money,
But then "a man's a man."
And a woman surely can't expect
To earn as much as he can.
Of his hire the laborer's worthy,
Be the laborer who it may;
If a woman can do a man's work
She should have a man's full pay,
Not be left to starve—or sin—
On forty cents a day.

Two dollars and a half to live on,
Or starve on, if you will;
Two dollars and a half to dress on
And a hungry mouth to fill;
Two dollars and a half to lodge on
In some wretched hole or den,
Where crowds are huddled together,
Girls, and women, and men;
If she sins to escape her bondage
Is there room for wonder then?

MONTREAL.

For the Favorite.

WINONA;
OR,
THE FOSTER-SISTERS.BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD,
OF PETERBORO', ONT.Author of "The Silvers' Christmas Eve;" "Wreck-
ed; or, the Rosclerros of Mistree," &c., &c.CHAPTER I.
ANDROSIA.

"I guess if we wait a bit some one'll come to take up the traps; but whatever you cumbered yourself with such a heap of tackle for, I don't see, comin' all this way."

"I've caught more trout with a willer wand, in a hour than you're like to catch in ten with them jointy things, I tell you, Cap'n."

The young man addressed as Captain smiled, showing under his heavy moustache a set of dazzling teeth, and with a light bound, sprang from the canoe to the reedy bank, to the admiration of his two companions, a pair of wide shouldered trappers in dooskin jerkins and moccasins, gay with porcupine quills, for the frail boat hardly rocked as he leaped ashore.

"Guess, Billy, that's like it," remarked the elder of the two approvingly, "the Cap's an active feller and no mistake, guess he'll make Andy Farmer leave that!" this last in an under tone, and with a low chuckle of delight.

"You're about right, old man, an' he'll be just about right pleased to see him too, will Andy."

"Hallo!" cried the subject of their remarks from the bank, "I can't stay here all night, you know, I'll pay you two fellows well, if you'll help me with my things to the Colonel's, it can't be far."

"Tain't far, sure enough," responded the elder man, "but I guess here's Mike Murphy and Jimsy comin' to take them up, and we've got to be back at Lizard creek afore sun-down, along of Billy here and Sal Tomkins."

"You shut up!" retorted Billy, much exasperated and crimsoning to the roots of his curly brown hair. "You ain't got as much sense as an owl; can't you let Sal be?"

"You've no call to get your back up, Billy. You're not the first man on yearth as has meant to get married, eh, Cap'n?"

"By no means," replied the young man laughing, and as I find such an event is impending, pray, Billy, tell Miss Sally that she has my best wishes as you have also, my friend."

The young trapper extended his huge brown

hand, and shook that of the speaker cordially, "you're a down-right good-natured chap," he said, pleasure beaming from every line of his bronzed face, "and if such a thing as a bar would lie in your way, say the word, and Billy Montgomery's the man to show you their tracks. Thar!"

"Thank you," responded the young gentleman smiling, and added, "I have no gift suited to a lady, but here's something may suit you, Billy," and he lifted an elegant rifle from the ground, where it had been carefully laid.

"I have not forgotten," he said, with a grave smile, "my adventure at Sandy-Point tavern or your interference in my behalf."

Billy's dark eyes flashed as he glanced at the rifle, its silver mountings, and beautifully marked twist barrel gleaming in the sun, but he shook his head.

"Couldn't fix it nohow, Cap," he said, still fondly eyeing the rifle. "The fact is Hawk-eye is just one of them 'varsal terrors as a man owes it to his country to squash when he gets a

circle, or a heavy splash showed that the finny tenants of the lake were disporting themselves in the cool of the approaching evening. A couple of cranes were stepping daintily along a little sandy reach farther up, and a gorgeous king-fisher, wheeled his shy flight to his reedy bower on the opposite shore. A couple of tiny islets rose like twin emeralds from the lake, and were mirrored in its bosom with a fidelity that did not forget the faintest fern spray, or the slenderest vine that clambered up their sides. The melancholy cry of a hidden loon came plaintively across the water, and the tap, tap of a woodpecker, came with startling distinctness from the woods behind. A flotilla of water-lilies gleamed like huge pearls in the shadow of a group of graceful willows bending from the bank on which Captain Frazer had landed, and the rice bed waved softly in the light breeze. There was a kind of cathedral quiet, mingled with a vernal cheerfulness reigning over the spot. Nature rejoiced in her solitary place, and



ARCHIE'S MEETING WITH ANDROSIA.

chance, no matter whether they're red or white. I guess he'll keep snug now for a time, the ternal galoot!"

"There ain't much of a doubt of it," said the elder trapper with a wide grin of intensest enjoyment. "You mashed him into apple sass, Bill Montgomery." Bill laughed good-humoredly, and by a dexterous shove with the paddle sent the canoe several feet from the shore, rustling through a bed of rice.

"I guess I'd best make tracks away from that ere rifle," he called back, "it's powerful tempting, Cap, but I'm not the mean beggar to take pay for standing up for a friend. Mind you give Sal and me a call when you're comin' down the rapids."

Captain Archie Frazer of the 19th Blues looked disappointed at having his grateful intentions frustrated by the generous spirit of the trapper, but remembering that he would see him again shortly, when he would insist on carrying out his design, he returned the parting signals of his quondam guides, and leaning on the rejected rifle watched them as they shot out into the little lake, that lay like a solitary diamond gleaming in the eye of the sun. It was completely surrounded with dense forest, except where a narrow opening let its limpid waters leap out into a narrow channel, which widened gradually into a fine river, running for many miles through trackless solitudes, and towards this liquid gateway the trappers shot, leaving a track of wavering gold on the calm bosom of the lake. A heron sailed slowly across the cloudless sky, and here and there a widening

at this bright hour, the minor undertone that perpetually sighs through the forests of America was almost hushed. A rosy mist was creeping over the lake, and the lucid shadows were stealing out on the amber waters, deepening them near the shore to bronze, gradually merging into gold and mellow purple where the light had fuller sway.

There was nothing very striking in this little bit of woodland scenery, no telling effects of frowning rocks or whirling rapids, but it was perfect in its way, and Captain Frazer became so absorbed in contemplating it that he quite forgot the approach of Mike Murphy and Jimsy, until a rich voice, redolent of the Isle of Erin, and close at his ear, brought him round with a start, to face a little man with comical blue eyes and a tall gaunt Indian lad of about nineteen, who stood like a bronze statue, while Mr. Murphy introduced himself to the Captain.

"A thin, Captain, for it's him you'll be, I'm judging, it's Mike Murphy that's delighted to see a Christian gentleman who hasn't been through a tannery, in these parts; for barrin the Masther an' Miss Drosia, the craythur, a white face hasn't gladdened my eyes for a matter of two months and ten days. Wirra, it's a haythenish place is Kanyda, any ways."

"Did Colonel Howard know I was coming to-day," inquired Frazer, as Mr. Murphy paused in his speech of welcome, and scanned him with his twinkling eyes which overflowed with drollery.

"Well, now, mebbe he did, but it wor Miss Drosia as made ye out down by the Portage

yonder, and sent me and Jimsy there to carry up yer traps. Here, Jimsy, lend a hand wid the things, can't ye, and don't be kapin' the captain waitin'."

Jimsy moved haughtily forward, and swung the heavy portmanteau on his shoulder as though it had been a feather, without deigning a glance at Frazer, while Mr. Murphy loaded himself with the baize-covered fishing-tackle and the rifle, and preceded by the young Indian, guided Frazer up the bank into a footpath leading through the forest, and apparently kept with some degree of care, for it was quite free of underbrush and fallen timber. It was almost dark in this leafy lane, so closely were the trees interwoven above it; but here and there a ruby shaft of sunlight fell athwart the narrow path, or a slight opening in the umbrageous roof let a space of azure sky be visible, with rosy patches of clouds drifting across it from the sunset. The path was just wide enough for two to walk abreast, and while Jimsy strode noiselessly on in advance, Captain Frazer and Murphy walked side by side.

"Well, now!" remarked Mr. Murphy, after a moment's sharp scrutiny of his companion, "it's mighty quare, but this Kanydy bates all for givin' wan a youthish air! Who'd be after thinkin' that yer honor served in the same regiment wid the ould masther nigh forty years back! Wirra, but ye carries yer years light, Captain, honey!"

Archie Frazer laughed. "Why, Mike, I think I look my age; but I see how it is. Colonel Howard, of course, expects my father; but I was obliged to come in his place, as he is quite unable to leave home. How is the Colonel, Mike?"

"Bedad, yer honor, he's fine and cross, and that last's a good sign in an ould man, and if it wasn't for Miss Drosia there'd be no standin' him at all, at all. Bad luck to them spalpeens that it's owin' to!"

Archie looked curiously at Mike Murphy's face. He felt anxious to learn something of his host's affairs, as he had many reasons for feeling keenly interested in the old commander of his father's regiment; but he felt that there would be a want of delicacy in questioning the Colonel's domestics on such matters, and while he was quite willing to allow Mike's eloquence to proceed unchecked, he did not wish to appear inquisitive. Mr. Murphy, however, caught his interested glance, and instantly assumed an expression of intense simplicity.

"It's the muskitties I'm alluding to, yer honor," he said, looking Archie full in the eye; "they're in fine voice about now, and many's the male's meat they're beholden to the masther for, the dirty spalpeens!"

Jimsy was listening intently, as Archie could see by the position of his head, as he strode like a dark shadow before them, and nodding towards him Mr. Murphy wagged his red head with expressive pantomime, as if he would say, "be cautious," and then went on: "Och, murther, but it's a quare life to lade, isn't it, now, shut up in the woods? It's Miss Drosia 'll be glad to see you, captain, an' no mistake."

"I hope so," responded Archie, carelessly. He was not prepared to feel a very keen interest in this wild young girl, who had never been within three hundred miles of the outskirts of civilization, added to which there was a glowing face pictured on his heart, the owner of which was his betrothed wife; and even as he walked along the narrow path and listened to Mr. Murphy's remarks, the sylph-like figure and golden head of Cecile Bertrand flitted before him, and he heard her soft laughter in the waving boughs. Mr. Murphy remained silent for a few moments, until a thinning of the trees and sudden burst of rosy light proclaimed that they were nearing a clearing, and turning a little curve in the path, they found themselves at the foot of a gently rising hill, one shoulder of which sloped into the lucid waters of the lake. The hill was partially cleared, so as to give a view of the lake; and detached masses of plummy maples cast tracks of trembling shade on the emerald turf. Midway up the hill, on a natural terrace facing the lake, stood a large, rambling log house, built in the rudest style of architecture, of great trees with the bronze bark clinging like armor to their sides, but which at this time of year were hardly visible, as a vast grape vine flung its verdant banners even over the sloping roof, and fluttered in long streamers from the rude chimneys of unhewn stone.

There were some fields on the crest of the hill under a rough kind of cultivation, with blackened stumps bristling up amid the ripening wheat; and here and there a rampike cutting the sky like a lance of jet. A dilapidated log barn stood behind the house, and two monstrous elms waved their great boughs over its ruinous roof. A flock of pigeons wheeled in the air, or daintily dropped on their rosy feet in search of food, and the lowing of kine came from a distant pasture. As they approached the house four or five lanky deer-hounds came bounding from its interior to welcome them, followed by a man of middle height and of a well-knit and graceful frame, who came forward to meet Archie and his guides.

"It's Andy Farmer," muttered Mike in Archie's ear. "Oh, won't he be the proud man to see you this day!"

Farmer had the air and address of a gentleman. Yet he started and his brow lowered as he looked at Archie, but he controlled himself with an effort.

"This is hardly Captain Frazer?" he said inquiringly, and with what Archie instantly recognized as a suspicious and rather insolent gaze. "There must be some mistake. However, sir,

I am sure Captain Howard will make you welcome for the night. May I inquire if you belong to Captain Frazer's party?"

"I am Captain Frazer," returned Archie, looking full into the dark blue flashing eyes of Mr. Farmer. "My business is with Colonel Howard, and any explanations must be made to him."

"Oh, certainly," replied Farmer, readily; "but Colonel Howard led us to expect in Captain Frazer a gentleman of his own years, and really, you must pardon my seeming mystification."

Archie was too good-humored to be proof against the cordial tone and extended hand of Farmer, and he gave his readily.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I certainly am Captain Frazer, and yet I can lay no claim to being the Captain Frazer expected by Colonel Howard. The fact is, my father is quite incapable of leaving home; and I obtained a three months' furlough to act as his deputy. I hope I shall prove of some use to him."

"I hope so," replied Farmer. "Here, Jimsey, carry in Captain Frazer's traps, and tell the Colonel and Miss Androsia that he is here."

Jimsey obeyed with a smile and lighting up of his bronze face as the other spoke, and hurried into the house with his long noiseless stride, while Farmer led Archie towards a long bench running along the front of the house, and canopied by the luxuriant vine.

"Sit down here," he said, "and take a smoke. It's intolerable in the house; but here there is a cool wind from the lake, very refreshing after the heat of the day. You smoke, of course?"

"Oh, of course," said Archie, lighting his cigar. "It's a pleasant change up here, after the glare and heat of Toronto."

"It's four years since I bent my steps cityward," said Farmer, smiling. He was a handsome man, of about thirty, bronzed and bearded. A rippling beard of russet brown, with golden lights in it that fell to the middle of his broad chest. His eyes were intensely, darkly blue, rather restless and flashing, but undeniable in shape and color; and his hair, cut close to his well-shaped head, was of a rich, dark, auburn very rarely seen out of old Italian paintings. He was dressed well, even carefully, in the picturesque doeskin jerkin and gaily embroidered leggings and moccasins of a trapper, but all were of the best and most elaborate description.

Archie Frazer looked at him compassionately. A world where billiards and croquet, dancing and flirtation were not, was certainly not in the young fellow's way. Farmer saw the glance and smiled oddly. He looked at Archie with a strange, eager, measuring glance, and the smile deepened to one of satisfaction.

"You could not exist here," he said, in answer to Archie's glance. "The silken throng of the gay city is necessary to you. You would die here of ennui in a month."

"No," said Archie, quietly, "I wouldn't; but certainly I like the society of, well, plenty of people, you know. I think there must be something odd about a fellow who deliberately retreats from the world."

"Like our host, for instance. Well, it is odd, or rather must seem so to men of your stamp."

There was a faint, covert, sneering inflection on the words "your stamp," but light as it was Archie caught it, and his dark face flushed. Mr. Farmer was caressing a huge hound, whose head lay upon his knee, and he did not observe the effect his words produced, or he might have altered his hurried estimates of the young man's character.

Further conversation between the two young men was prevented by the sound of a light step behind them, and Archie turned and rose from the bench as his gaze encountered that of the young girl who had paused on the threshold, and was regarding him with a grave and oddly penetrating glance. She was a tall, willowy creature of, perhaps, nineteen, with magnificent hazel eyes, shadowy and "burning yet tender." Her face was a delicate oval, and the nose daintily aquiline, with transparent nostrils, fine and slightly dilated. The silky eyebrows formed a straight line across the purely white brow, shaping what is termed the "bar of Michael Angelo," and gave a look of strange power to the sweetly girlish face, the lovely mouth of which was softly curved and scarlet as that of a child. A warm crimson glowed through the lucid bronze of the delicately rounded cheeks, but the throat was round and white as a pillar of marble. The slightly parted lips showed glimpses of a row of somewhat uneven but beautifully white and small teeth, and the wide shoulders were thrown back with a poise that lent a certain untutored dignity to the slender form. Her hair, of a rich warm brown, with tints of molten yellow flickering through it, was cut close to the small, yet nobly shaped head, over which it curled in a close mass of glittering rings and waves that caught the light, and seemed to surround her head with a species of nimbus, such as one sees in old paintings of saints. She was clad in the full dress of a squaw, but of the finest materials, and daintiest finish. A doeskin tunic gaily embroidered fell nearly to her ankles, and her beautiful feet were encased in moccasins brilliant with porcupine quills. Archie returned her grave searching look with a rather prolonged gaze of surprise and admiration, and a slightly amused smile, for her costume impressed him with the idea that she was in masquerade for his benefit. A slight frown contracted her brows as she caught the laughter sparkling in his dark eyes, and

turning to Farmer she said something in the Indian tongue, in a singularly sonorous and musical voice, accompanying her words with a slight gesture expressive of disdain. Farmer's blue eyes flashed with suppressed delight as he turned to Archie, who stood with his soft felt hat in his hand, and remarked, "Captain Frazer, allow me to present you to Miss Androsia Howard. Miss Howard Captain Frazer." Androsia extended her slender, brown hand and said in English, "You are very welcome here, sir."

She spoke in a curiously formal voice and manner, very unlike the rich mellow tones in which he had just heard her address Farmer, and as one unfamiliar with the language. He took her hand and pressed it cordially, wondering only if the old recluse had brought up this dazzlingly beautiful creature in almost complete ignorance of the language and customs of her land, or whether she was enjoying a little amusement at his expense.

"I thank you," he said in answer to her words of welcome, "but I fear Colonel Howard will feel disappointed when he learns how impossible it was for my father to comply with his request. He is altogether an invalid I regret to say."

She listened to him earnestly, and appeared to comprehend in part what he said, for she sighed and placed her hand on her bosom with a pained look in her lovely eyes.

"Mine too," she said in the same, even monotonous voice, "very sick, very bad often. Die soon perhaps." She paled and shuddered as she spoke, and Farmer bit his nether lip, as he observed the sudden interest that sprang into Archie's eyes as he looked at her.

"Oh, I hope not!" said Archie hopefully, admiring the pensive beauty of her expressive face, and despite the recollection of Cecile Bertrand's azure eyes, full of love and laughter, he thought the shadowy hazel orbs, gazing so earnestly into his were the most beautiful objects his had ever beheld.

Farmer was not slow to read his hardly defined thoughts, and he set his lips in an iron line hidden partially by his drooping moustache, and his eyes suddenly assumed a curious opacity and dullness, which, to those who knew him, boded no good.

"My father sleeps," said Androsia, after a moment's pause, "but there is bread for you within. Come." She extended her hand graciously to the young officer, and, nothing loth, Archie clasped the pretty brown, soft fingers in his, but Farmer said something rapidly in the Indian tongue, which covered her from neck to brow with a hot blush, and with flashing eyes she withdrew her hand, and with the air of a princess turned and walked into the house.

"She thinks your manner a thought too demonstrative," said Farmer with a quiet sneering smile, "but come in, supper must be ready, and the Colonel is probably awake." Angry, he hardly knew why, distrustful, at once and without being able to define a cause for the feeling, Captain Frazer followed Farmer into a rude hall, hung from rafter to floor with trophies and implements of the chase. Huge antlers bore powder flasks by the score and rifles of every make sufficient to stock a small arsenal. Spears for jack-fishing, trolling-bait, snow-shoes, rude bows and arrows hung against the walls in "orderly disorder," mingled with paddles of all shapes, dyed and carved in the most approved Indian fashion. Some magnificent wolf-skins and a mighty bearskin lay upon the rough floor in lieu of mats, and every species of trap known to the backwoods trapper hung from strong iron hooks in the dingy rafters of red cedar, which gave through their ribs a dim view of a shadowy loft, partially floored with unplanned pine planks, which formed a kind of ceiling half across the great hall. Archie glanced round him with some interest, as he followed Farmer towards a doorway hung with deer-skins at the further end, and as he looked up at the empty space, where the planking on the rafters ceased, a pair of immense dark eyes, burning like stars of fire in a dusky face, shrouded by a pall of raven hair, met his, peering at him from the upper gloom. There was something so weird and unearthly in their piercing gaze that involuntarily he paused, but even as he did so the dimly seen face disappeared like a shadow, and Farmer turned to ascertain what kept him. Archie, with a rather bewildered air, was gazing up at the loft, wondering if the burning eyes would reappear, or whether the wild beautiful, shadowy face was a creation of his own fancy, but he was unwilling to betray his uncertainty to Farmer, and walked forward as the other turned towards him. Farmer looked sharply at him, in a covert way peculiar to him, from under his heavy bronze eye-lashes, and a faint smile played coldly over his perfect face. He looked like a man who had suddenly acquired an idea.

"You have seen our wild, bronze, Venus," he said laughing. "Winona is certainly the loveliest Indian woman in this part of America, and certainly the most utterly untamable."

"Winona?" said Captain Frazer inquiringly, "who is she?"

"The daughter of a once celebrated Huron chief, and Miss Howard's foster-sister," replied Farmer drawing back the deer-skins which shrouded the doorway. "Ah, Colonel, I see you are awake at last. May we enter?"

"Oh, by all means," responded a growling voice from the interior, and Archie with some slight feeling of trepidation found himself in the presence of the friend and benefactor of his father's youth.

CHAPTER II.

THE RECLUSE.

Like the hall the apartment in which Archie found himself was uncarpeted, save for fox and wolf-skins scattered here and there over the dingy and loosely fitting floor, and a narrow bed, a huge bath full of water and a couple of rough wooden benches standing against the unplastered walls was the only furniture the room contained; but a lofty window gave a beautiful view of the now shadowed lake and wide stretching forests. Just aroused from his slumber Colonel Howard sat upon the side of the bed, from which he rose as he caught sight of Archie just within the threshold. He was a tall old man, of a lion-like port, and with great ragged masses of white hair descending on his broad breast. Small, flashing eyes, whether black or not it was impossible to say, gleamed from under eyebrows making the same straight line as those of Androsia, and giving a look of fierce determination to his rugged features. He was an ugly man, but the dome of his head and his general air would have befitted a Charlemagne. The expression of his face, though not malignant was haughty, sour, and stern, but at the same time candid and straightforward. His glance softened strangely as it rested on the gallant figure and manly face of the young soldier, and quick to read the welcome of eye and extended hand Archie advanced and grasped that of the old man heartily and warmly, while his face flushed with pleasure at a welcome somewhat different from that which he had anticipated, for his father had warned him of the eccentricities of his old comrade. There were some people, the grasp of whose hands is almost electrical, seeming to convey something of their own nature, for the instant, into those whom they salute, and a slow smile, passed like wintry light across Colonel Howard's face, as Archie's nervous, muscular, fingers closed round his gnarled and withered hand.

"Next to your father you are welcome," he said sitting down again on the bed-side, and Archie observed that his voice and movements were alike strangely feeble. He pointed to one of the wooden benches, on which Archie seated himself facing the bed and its occupant.

After a second's hesitation, Farmer quietly left the room, and Archie felt a sensation of relief of which he was instantly ashamed, and he was not a little surprised to observe a gleam of satisfaction pass over Colonel Howard's face as the deer-skin curtain flapped behind the tall, stately form; but it passed in a moment, and the air of bitter gloom descended on the old man's face again.

"Well young sir," he growled suddenly turning on Archie, "What brought you to my lodge in the wilderness? I did not send for you."

Had he not had the recollection of his welcome fresh in his mind, Archie would have been angry, and as it was his cheek flushed slightly as he answered—

"I have a letter with me from my father, explaining my intrusion on your privacy, sir. He thought that perhaps you might make me useful in some way, as he could not come himself."

"Pshaw, pshaw," exclaimed the Colonel brusquely, "What use can I make of a boy? There! don't redden, one day you'll be old enough in all probability, old enough to have outlived even friendship as I have done. Time was when I held Dick Frazer incapable of slighting the dying request of a friend."

"If you will read this letter, you will find how you mistake him," said Archie, with an air of great dignity that sat well on him, "my father has never walked without the aid of crutches during three years."

"Worse than me," said the Colonel eagerly, "why I can paddle my sixty miles a day, and walk thirty, or at least," he added with a sudden change of countenance, "I could until this cough attacked me. It's wearing me out fast. But he's worse than me, worse than me, Jolly Dick Frazer."

Archie glanced round the desolate room, and a vivid picture rose before him of the pretty, bright home on the St. Lawrence, where the old officer lived with his wife and three pretty daughters, and had his pain lightened and his tedium cheered by their affection and tender care, and mentally disagreed very strongly with his host; but he was too compassionate to remind the old recluse of this and remained silent, until the latter spoke again. He raised his huge, leonine head, and looked at Archie with a grim smile.

"Come," he said, "I will tell you why I say that. He is happiest in dying who has least to regret. I have nothing. My old comrade doubtless fancies he has much to bind him to earth. It was ever his way to gather so many into his brave, foolish, generous heart. Bah! I found only one to love in the world, and she was not worth a sigh." His countenance darkened to such a deadly gloom that Archie who had never encountered anything out of the common place expression of every day feelings, became exquisitely uncomfortable, and wished himself back at Toronto where his regiment was quartered, and where Cecile Bertrand had her "local habitation." There was such a dead silence in the room that he felt obliged to break it, so seizing his courage *à deux mains*, he burst out—

"Why, there's Miss Howard, Colonel, and you say you have nothing in the world to regret leaving."

A look of tenderness for a brief second softened the old man's face, but it was gone almost before defined.

"She is little to me," he said coldly, "but yet it is for her sake that I entreated my old friend to visit me. As I go down into the dark valley a fear begins to oppress me that I have acted towards her mistakenly, and yet I can truly say that I thought by separating her nearly altogether from her kind I was bestowing on her the greatest boon in my power—ignorance, blessed ignorance of the rampant, wickedness of the world. But now I fear, I fear."

Having found the world for six-and-twenty years a very kindly, jolly, pleasant place in its way, Captain Frazer made a faint protest in its favor. "I can't see it myself," he said, "of course a fellow gets hanged now and then, or blows open a safe, or runs off with the dividends or something, but there are lots of good fellows all about, if you don't overlook them purposely you know."

"Dick Frazer all over," muttered the Colonel, looking fixedly at Archie's dark, glowing face, "body and mind, heart and soul. He was always looking for the pleasant side of things. Have you seen my daughter?" he added sharply.

"Yes," said Archie concisely. He was not at all certain of his ground and thought it better to allow the Colonel to continue.

"What do you think of her?"

"I really don't know," responded Archie a little startled by the question. "She is uncommonly lovely."

"Do you know that she is a complete savage," inquired the Colonel, bitterly, "I have secluded her from knowledge as you hide a pearl from the light. She is uncultivated as her foster-mother, and now that I am dying I leave her to fall unprotected into the hands of the Philistines. Come closer," he said eagerly. He glanced cautiously about the room as Archie rose and approached the bed, and drawing the young man down beside him he placed his lips at his ear and in a hurried whisper went on. "I betrothed her a year since to that man who has just left us, because I thought he would guard her well. His mind and mine seemed thoroughly in unison, except that he seemed to have a nobler, more generous nature than ever I could boast, but of late distrust of him has shaken my very soul. It has come whence I know not, but it will not depart, and as the shadows close, I feel that I have doomed her to a life of misery."

"Doesn't Miss Howard like the fellow?" inquired Archie with more eagerness than golden-haired Cecile would have liked to have heard.

"Bedad an' it's herself the craythur, that doesn't," remarked a confidential voice close behind Archie, and to the astonishment of the latter, Mr. Murphy was visible leaning familiarly against the bed-post. "Now be aisy, Colonel," he continued in a whisper, "Andy Farmer's ear's cocked not a mile from that windy, the left-handed blessings' of the saints be about him! and Miss Drosia has yer suppers ready in the hall, an' its famishin' you'll be Captain dear, after your day's journey."

To Archie's surprise the Colonel seemed startled when he heard of the proximity of Farmer, nor did he appear to resent Mike Murphy's intrusion into the confidential conversation between himself and his guest, nor was Mike's manner even bordering on disrespectful.

"I will see you again in private," said the old man hurriedly, "go now, and remember, keep fair with Andrew Farmer."

"Wouldn't you be after tidying yourself up a bit, Colonel darlin'?" queried Mike coaxingly, "sure its yerself is the born image of King Nebuchadnezzar, the misfortunate craythur! an' it's not every day we've quality visitors. There's yer coat an' its well you look in it, sir."

Mike was evidently the old man's valet, and while the Colonel growled discontentedly, Mr. Murphy inducted him into a thread-bare and ruinous coat with an air of careful kindness that was not thrown away upon Archie's observation, a quality in which he was by no means deficient, although his careless good-natured bearing was apt to lead others to imagine that he was shallow and superficial, a mistake as we have seen already made by Farmer who was a clever man, after a wily, scheming fashion. Such men frequently fail just in this way. They cannot understand a perfectly candid straightforward character. There is nothing worthy of admiration in their eyes but a talent for intrigue.

Machiavelli wins their homage where a Newton or a George Stephenson is considered hardly worthy a thought, and Farmer failed utterly to see beneath the youthful gaiety and careless good humor of Captain Frazer, the earnest soul and powerful mind which only required the spur of circumstances to waken into full life and power.

"A commonplace military fop and athlete," was his sentence on Archie, and it remained for time alone to shew him his fatal mistake.

Presently he came sauntering into the hall where a deal table glistening of a cloth was spread with rosy trout, fresh and curdy from the lake and smoking potatoes in a huge wooden bowl, golden butter and huge tin cans of milk, at which repast was seated the Colonel with Archie on his right hand, and Mr. Murphy hovering in the back-ground like a red-headed guardian angel and three or four lanky hounds rested their forepaws on the edge of the table, while with moist black noses they sniffed inquiringly at the steaming dishes just an inch or two beyond their reach.

Mr. Farmer was much indebted to mother nature for the physique with which she had en-

dowed him, and under cover of which he had committed a very fair share of cold-blooded villainy during his thirty-three years of life. He had a noble brow, a benevolent dome to his scheming head, and an upright carriage and chivalrous air worthy of a Bayard. His eyes even were not the regulation villain steel gray or fiery black, but a rich, deep sympathetic blue like the edges of the Mediterranean, with the rosy twilight lingering on them, and they were safe eyes, seldom betraying his thoughts, except rarely by a sudden, curious dullness or a horrible flash, like the leaping of a Damascus blade from its scabbard in the light of a conflagration. People worshipped him for a short time, and when they found him out, which they sometimes did in his schemes and plots, they held generally a regretful and mournful memory of him, and were much inclined to lay the blame of any transaction in which they had suffered at his hands, on any shoulders other than those of the handsome, noble-looking Bayard who had robbed them or filched them as the case might be. He was less popular amongst the rough men of the woods, for just as what man is pleased to term creatures of the lower creation are possessed of immeasurably keener senses and finer instincts than ours, so those to whom the civilization of cities is a far-off dream, have a natural insight or instinct which pierces through the exterior show and reveals the real man, as a conventionally educated man or woman of society could only do, in nine cases out of ten, by the long and painful process of experience.

"Where is Androsia?" were his first words as he advanced to the table, over which fell a wavering tide of crimson light from a pine-torch stuck into the crevice of the log wall. The open door behind him gave a lovely glimpse of the moonlit lake and the dark, mysterious stretches of woodland tipped and crested with silver.

"I don't know," responded the Colonel, briefly, and turning to Archie he resumed the conversation which the entrance of Farmer had interrupted. His manner was almost rude, but Farmer did not appear to notice it, but seated himself at the table, with his usual air of stately indolence, and Mike advanced to attend upon him.

"Is it Miss Drosia yer askin' for?" he said, in what he pretended was meant for a confidential whisper but which was loud enough to reach even the dulled hearing of the Colonel, "why she's gone this half hour spearing on the lake for maskinonge wid Winona and Jimsy. She went whilst ye wor sittin' on the settle nigh by the mather's windy Mr. Farmer, sur. There's her light nigh half-ways across the lake."

Archie glanced out and in the silver distance saw a light like a great lurid star moving slowly across the water, but the forms of the girl and her companions were invisible.

Farmer returned no answer to Mike, but turned and look earnestly out over the lake, where a second light was now visible slowly approaching the other from an opposite direction.

"Did they take two canoes?" he inquired, as he perceived the advancing light, and he helped himself to some of the curdy trout, and commenced his supper with much gusto.

"Not they," responded Mike, "but I'm thinking that's Hawkeye that's out, I see him scheming round in that black canoe of his just at dusk."

Farmer rose from the table and pushed back his tin plate. He went to one of the rough stands and taking down a paddle, threw it over his shoulder and without a word or a glance at his companions rushed out into the moonlight. Colonel Howard turned almost savagely on Mike who was leaning after the retreating figure of Farmer with indescribable humor.

"Why did you let the girl out with that scoundrel prowling round?" he said, in a voice hoarse with rage, and shaking his trembling hand at Mike.

"Be aisy now, Colonel," replied Mr. Murphy, "it's meself didn't see the red rascal at all, at all, sure it was only Jokin' Mr. Farmer I was. A brisk paddle on a wild goose chase'll do the craythur good, and kape him out of ear shot whilst yer honor spakes what was on yer mind to the Captain here, an' to make sure I'll just run to the landing an' help him out with the canoe," and Mr. Murphy disappeared through the open door.

"A clever ruse," said the Colonel turning to Archie with a grim and bitter smile, "that man haunts me day and night, and I cannot rid myself of him. Had you stayed for weeks I might not have found an opportunity of unfolding my wishes to you. Now we can speak without interruption."

Archie bowed in silent bewilderment, and with an expression of almost anguished self-reproach the old man continued, "It is indeed a bitter hour in which I see my daughter, the descendant of a proud house, and my heiress placed between the diabolical schemes of a penniless adventurer and the love of an untutored savage such as Hawk-eye—ha, you know the name, I see."

"Yes," said Archie quietly, "a week since, he would have murdered me at Sandy-Point Tavern, but for the intervention of one of my guides, Bill Montgomery the trapper, I bear the mark yet," and he touched a long, newly healed scar on his right temple.

"The cowardly dog!" exclaimed the Colonel, "how did it happen?"

"Very simply," replied Captain Frazer, "I detected him a few days previously in an attempt to purloin our supply of powder, and I'm sorry to say I knocked him down. He must have followed our trail to the Sandy-Point Portage, for he stole on me while I was asleep,

and had not Montgomery been awake at the moment I would have been a dead man."

"As it is I would not give much for your chance of life, if you remain here," replied the Colonel earnestly. "Hawkeye is a combination of the evil qualities of both races, without a touch of remorse in his composition. He is a snake deadlly venomous and cowardly."

"Oh, I'll look out for the fellow," said Archie contemptuously, "but to return to your affairs, sir?"

"Yes," said the Colonel, with a heavy sigh, "but what is that?"

The loud report of a rifle came sharply to their ears followed by another and another, and mingled with the sharp explosion, the distant and piercing cries of female voices. Archie rushed to the door in time to see the fishing-lights suddenly extinguished. "Something has happened," he cried and dashed down the hill towards the lake, followed by the trembling steps of the Colonel.

(To be continued.)

A LOST HEART.

BY MAX.

I lost my heart on a summer's day.

In the sweet green woods where the finches sing;
Where the broad ferns grow and the rivulets play,
And the lark soars upward on dewy wing.

I did not grieve for my lost heart then,

I let it depart with never a tear;
As the sun went down that night o'er the glen,
And the peaceful twilight hovered near.

O happy was I to lose my heart,

For the clasp of a hand that summer's day;
For the smile that seemed of my life a part,
For the blushes that came and died away.

But Love is fickle and Love is vain,

And hearts are easily given away;
But mine hath never returned again.
Since we walked thro' the woods that summer's day.

I try but I cannot forget the past,

For I feel the aching void in my breast;
And the star of my hope is overcast,
And there seems for a time neither peace nor rest.

For the Favorite.

CHRISTMAS IN SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

By Mrs. Alex. Ross.

OF MONTREAL.

CHAPTER II.

HAPPINESS—WOE.

I dreamed of those wild words and thought of them by day for weeks afterwards; but I did not see the man again, he left Eldon Hall that night leaving a note excusing himself to Mrs. Rosenham.

My aunt, I am sure, guessed the reason of his departure, for she never spoke to me of the roses nor did Colonel Devereux's name cross her lips as long as I remained there.

Early in January my father arrived and after a conversation with General and Mrs. Rosenham wherein they doubtless detailed to him the escape he had made in my happening to have no fancy for the handsome Colonel, he informed me that we would not remain in London as had before been arranged that I might see the sights there, but at once depart *via* Liverpool and New York for our dear Canadian home.

Only those who have in their young days spent years away from home and all its joys, missed the loving kindly touch of a mother's hand, the bright look of a father's eye, can understand what I felt in being once more in my old home at the Seigniory, with what delight I put my arm round Papa's neck, and looked into his beautiful clear brown eyes and what peace and joy there was in hearing him say as he did so often,

"Euralie, my beloved child, your presence makes home doubly happy."

After my return from England I spent four years in the happy home of my girlhood, and then I left it to go to a humbler yet if possible a happier one of my own.

My husband was only two years my senior; he was a DeSalaberry, a distant relation of my mother. Educated as a doctor he had studied in Paris and Germany, he had also with advantages which few possess gone through the Hospitals of Britain improving himself in his profession until at last when he settled down as a physician in a country town in Canada, about twenty miles distant from my father's Seigniory, his aid and consultation were sought by all his medical brethren within a circuit of fifty miles.

Adolph was frequently urged by his friends in Montreal and Quebec to settle in either one or the other as being a place of more eligible position for a man of his education and talents, than he could expect to fill as a doctor in a country town.

His answer invariably was "Better to be the first man in a village than the second man in Rome."

The truth was, he anticipated, even before he made his choice of residence, that I would be the mistress of his household; hence his selection of a place where at any time he could drive me over to spend a day in my old home so that my woman's heart might be able to say, with the placid contentment of the Shunammite of old, "I dwell among my own people."

What a blessed rest those words imply, the

full value of which we can only realize after we have been tossed about among strangers, whose kindest sympathy we well know is exercised only for the moment, and is stilled and hushed for ever when we pass from their doorstep, even while the echo of our footfall yet lingers in their ears as we go down the road.

I was very happy in my new home; it was only to last for a short time, not many months; but it was a time of sunshine and brightness. My husband was one of the most amiable and unselfish of men, he never thought of being my master, but he thought of being my instructor as out of his own richly-stored mind he told me tales of the lands through which he had travelled, of the scenes he had seen, made me understand the politics of Europe, gave me a wider scope for thought and reflection giving life a value in my eyes it had never before possessed. It was then I began to look into my own heart to fulfil the duty of self examination in a way I had never before done and the love I felt for my husband and the blank I knew this world would be without him brought all my conduct with regard to Colonel Devereux vividly before my mind's eye, placing it in a very different light to what it had ever before appeared to me. I now saw that in my ignorance of the world I had been most culpable; that I ought to have seen and checked his advances from the very first, and when at last I heard those words of his to my aunt (a par of my own conduct in listening to what was not meant for my ear I could never think over without a deep blush) instead of allowing my passion to get the better of my reason and spending hours pacing my own room with all the wildness of a savage, I ought to have inquired into the manners and customs of the country in which I then lived. I would have found that Colonel Devereux's words strong, as they were, had only embodied the truth: in England every woman's husband is her master, and in refusing him I had no right to reproach him with his age; I had no right to insult him as I had done, having unwittingly received attentions which he of course understood were construed as they were meant; I ought at least to have seen my fault and expressed sorrow at the mistake I had made. His wild words of cursing as he left me, had, I then believed, sunk into the ground harmless; the curse causeless shall not come, I thought then had been fully realized in my own case, and I not only forgave them freely, but blamed myself whose conduct had brought them forth.

My husband and I had spent the previous day, Sunday, at my father's chateau, and by an early drive across the country with the aid of a good pair of horses we were in time for breakfast and a rest ere the hour arrived at which Adolph usually visited his patients.

There were two or three letters awaiting our arrival, among them was one in a large envelope with the printed words "On Her Majesty's service" on the back and sealed in red sealing wax with the impression of the British arms.

I had sat down on the sofa without removing my travelling dress, except my hat which lay beside me as I threw it off, and I sat looking in Adolph's face as he opened and read the important looking missive; it was very evident that the perusal gave him great satisfaction if not indeed pleasure, a smile illumined his whole face as he handed the letter to me he said,

"This is indeed a piece of extraordinary good fortune, you must help me to decide whether I shall take advantage of it or not."

The letter contained a paper from her Majesty's Government appointing Adolph De Salaberry physician in chief to the troops stationed in Canada, his place of residence to be Montreal, with a salary of one thousand pounds a year.

With my five and twenty years I was childish enough then, God knows, and I felt my eyes snap with pleasure as they glided over the pleasing intelligence and I laughed with delight as I said: "This unsolicited? how could they have heard of you and the clever cures you are daily effecting?"

My husband smiled as he patted my cheek saying: "It is neither hearing of me or my clever cures as you call them that has done this, they have doubtless troubled themselves to ascertain that I am competent to fill the duties that they have appointed me to for the rest it is the work of a friend who has used his influence on my behalf; but who that friend is I cannot for the life of me imagine."

It did not take long to decide, we drove that evening to his father's and spent the night there were the news was received with joy and rejoicing, both my sisters-in-law, young girls under twenty, declaring themselves perfectly charmed with the change, promising to come and spend the next winter with me in Montreal.

At my father's it was the same, they would have their old house at Montreal which they had not occupied for many years completely renovated, and spend at least four months there next winter. While Adolph continued to hold the situation it would in future be their winter place of residence.

We were not long in removing to Montreal and finding a suitable place of abode, although I never could realize the same home feeling there that I did to the fullest extent in my country cottage.

My husband was obliged to dine at the Mess, Sir Frederic Liddle, the Colonel of the regiment now stationed in Montreal, who had been the first to make my husband's acquaintance told him it was necessary he should do so, that there were only a limited number of officers and the commander-in-chief made it a point that all should attend the Mess.

This at first was to me very irksome. Since my married life I had been accustomed to have my husband at my side in all his spare time; even when he studied I would take my work and sit by his table, very careful not to make the slightest noise nor to attract his attention by word or movement so that I might enjoy being near him watching the expression of his face as he read, in short drawing pleasure from his presence in the many ways which only a woman and a wife can appreciate, while at the same time I felt conscious that by the undisturbed silence of the room, the care I took not to distract his attention in any way from his studies, he was reaping all the advantages he could were I not there; he used himself to say that he always read with less abstraction while I was present.

From this life of quiet happiness with my husband almost ever by my side I was now in the enjoyment to be sure of a far finer house in a city, more domestics, et cetera, but these were not the things I loved, my aspirations had ever been very humble, love in a cottage was all my desire, and so, although I never allowed myself for one moment to indulge in grumbling I did for the first few months feel as if I would rather be at home again in the old place where one maid servant and the man who cared for the doctor's horse, attended to my garden swept the yard and all the multitude of little duties which fall to the one man in a small establishment like ours, constituted the sum total of my domestics.

As to Adolph he enjoyed his change of life more than I can well express, everything was so much more congenial to him here; the officers who were his most intimate associates were all educated men in the same rank of life as his own. Although he had more professional duties to attend to, yet these were all in a limited circle, with none of the long rides in rainy weather nor through the night which marked his progress in our former home.

He had occasionally to visit other military stations such as Toronto, Kingston and Quebec, and on each of the first of these visits I went with him and enjoyed myself very much, feeling as if I were making a second marriage tour.

Sir Frederic Liddle was my husband's most intimate friend, yet with this single exception I had seen every other officer in the regiment, it so happened that twice when he called I was from home and on one or two occasions when other officers of the regiment dined with us Sir Frederic had a pre-engagement. Singular to say, with the exception of my husband the others were all unmarried men, so that unless in my own house it was impossible we should meet.

I had heard so much of Sir Frederic from my husband that I felt rather impatient to know him myself; yet we were four months in Montreal ere my wish was gratified. On the occasion of some celebrated singer I forget who coming to Montreal, I accompanied my husband to a concert she gave and there, in one of the pauses of the music, I was almost electrified by seeing Colonel Devereux cross the room and ere I could recover from my surprise he was introduced to me by my husband as Sir Frederic Liddle.

Colonel Devereux said something which I scarcely heard about a pleasant surprise—unexpected meeting, I did not catch his words, perhaps it was my own agitation prevented me from doing so; my heart fluttered uneasily in my bosom as if it were an imprisoned bird with a broken wing.

Although Colonel Devereux whom I must now call Sir Frederic Liddle, expressed great surprise on finding as he said that his friend Dr. De Salaberry's wife was his old acquaintance Miss D'Auvergne, I could not, try as I would, to disabuse myself of what I thought might be my unjust feelings towards him, believe one word he said on the subject.

His face did not express surprise although his words did but it did express a talent hate and a strong one. When I entered that concert room I had almost forgotten that there was such a person in the world as Colonel Devereux. If I did think of him at all it was only to reproach myself with my conduct towards him. Ere I reached my home that night all my old dislike to the man had returned in full force. I dreaded him as if he had the power of the evil one.

He stood by my side for a few minutes talked of General and Mrs. Rosenham whom he said he had seen within the last six months during a flying visit he paid to England previous to my husband's appointment, and then with a courteous bow sought a cross seat to the right of where we were placed. Several times during the evening my eyes sought the place where he sat, I could not resist doing so, it seemed as if the power of a basilisk were exerted over me; each time I looked, I found his eyes fixed on my face with a steady gaze, his whole face expressing an intense dislike, which it seemed to me he wished I should see and understand; any way he had certainly no desire to hide it. For me the music was joyless, the voice of the singer mute, and ere the entertainment was half over I begged of my husband to take me home.

Once safe within the precincts of our own drawing room I told Adolph the history of my former acquaintance with Sir Frederic Liddle, then Colonel Devereux. I did not attempt to exonerate myself from blame in one iota, told him all simply as it had occurred, and ended by saying that all my old dislike and dread of the man had returned on me in its full force since the moment I met him in the concert room.

He treated the whole as nothing, laughed at my fears. "Sir Frederic" said he, "is the best fellow in the world; as to these threatening words of his, I can easily believe that in a mo-

ment of passion he would have used them, but I can assure you that in his sober senses no one would shrink from injuring another more than Sir Frederic Liddle. On every occasion he expresses himself with the utmost abhorrence of anything like injustice or revenge. I did observe that he looked unusually grave to-night; perhaps some of his old feelings for you still hang about his heart; this would be sufficient to account for it, but be assured he would not willingly injure any friend of mine. I have never received so much kindness in four years from another as I have in four months from Sir Frederic Liddle. We have been so much together since my residence in Montreal, with the exception of during the time I paid those short visits to Toronto and Quebec; we have spent four hours of each day together in such close intercourse it is impossible that we would not know and fully appreciate the character of each other. No, no, my dear Euralie, believe me, Sir Frederic Liddle would guard you from evil if he could."

We never spoke on the subject again until the evil was done when, my husband had a terrible awakening. I should not say so; I do not think that he believed in Sir Frederic's perfidy until proof came strong as that of Holy Writ.

I did not see Sir Frederic again. I was occupied with my baby, one who came to me in Montreal as if God had sent her to wife away the long hours which did hang heavy and seem lonely, strive as I would against it. I was occupied with her. I cared for her more than the tenderest nurse could have done, and I felt so pleased when her father praised her as the healthiest child he had ever seen; and so she was, she never cried, never was sick one hour; every day I seemed to see a difference in her size as if she was a flower-bud growing larger and larger every hour.

Baby was about seven months old. We had been now nearly a year in Montreal, when one morning at breakfast I said to my husband: "You must draw some money for me to-day, I wish to purchase baby's winter wraps and also a set of mink for myself; those I have are getting red and foxy-looking and I shall consign them to be worn on my country rides and walks for the future."

I meant, and my husband knew what I meant, that he should draw some of my own money, my father having given me on my marriage a portion the interest of which was more than sufficient for my own wants.

My husband looked up brightly in my face as I spoke, saying,

"I will not draw your money, Euralie, this time; this is pay day with me. I will receive to-day a thousand dollars and it will be the most pleasing use I can make of part of it to hand it over to you for the wants of yourself and baby. I fear I cannot be back here before three o'clock. I have promised to meet Sir Frederic Liddle at the paymaster's, and from thence after I receive my money to drive with him to Lachine that I may give him my opinion of a pair of new horses he wishes to purchase for his carriage."

"Three o'clock will do very well," said I, "and then I expect you will go with me and help me to make my purchases."

"With the greatest pleasure in life," was his reply as he came towards me and touched my forehead with his lips.

He immediately left the house, and on hearing the door shut I went to the parlor window, as I had done many and many a time before that I might look after him as long as he was in sight. The morning was clear and frosty, the autumn leaves falling in thick masses of red and yellow to the ground; Adolph was walking at a brisk pace and looked so handsome that I could not help asking myself if this could be the reason I loved him so much.

A little before three I saw him jump from Sir Frederic Liddle's carriage and enter the gate of the little parterre in front of our house; he observed my face at the window and gaily smiled on entering kissing his hand lightly as he did so.

I was often glad in months of succeeding deep misery that I had that picture hid in my memory to look at.

"Get on your things, Euralie," said he on entering the parlor. "I am at your service for the rest of the day. I have excused myself from going to Mess and so you may consume as much time in your shopping expedition as you please. I have nearly a thousand dollars here," said he putting his hand on the breast pocket of his overcoat; "and I shall give you a carte blanche you may use as much of it as you please."

"If that is the case," replied I, "I had better stock myself with all I am likely to want for a year, you may not have such a generous fit again."

How well I recollect every word we both said, every look he gave that happy afternoon that was to come down in clouds and darkness before night.

Away we went and while walking into town he told me that during his drive to Lachine he had run the risk of losing his pocket-book containing a thousand dollars, his quarter's pay.

"In some unaccountable way," said he, "it had slipped from my pocket. I was driving and it must have been when I was bending in arranging the reins or in some way like that, and lying in the bottom of the carriage it might have been lost entirely as there were hosts of idlers at Lachine when we left the carriage; but fortunately for me the wool mat stuck in one of Sir Frederic Liddle's spurs and pulling it after him my pocket book was tossed to the ground before our eyes."

"Why, that would have been a serious loss," replied I, "a thousand dollars—what a sum!

you should not carry so much money about with you."

"I would not have done so," replied he, "but that I had promised to go to Lachine with Sir Frederic and I did not care asking him to drive round here out of his way."

We went to one of the furriers, purchased my furs which cost a hundred dollars, my husband paying for them in two fifty-dollar bills; we then went to a silk mercer's where I bought a silk dress for myself, a cloak and hat for baby, the whole amounting to nearly sixty dollars more; for these things my husband also gave two fifty-dollar bills receiving change in return. Before coming home Adolph proposed we should wait at the grocer's who also supplied us with wine, etcetera, and pay his bill which was always done quarterly. This bill was a little larger than usual, owing to some circumstance, I really forget what. At all events the bill amounted to a hundred and ten dollars, for which my husband paid by giving three fifty-dollar bills, receiving change.

It was getting late, but as we left the grocer's my husband hailed a cab that we might go home. I had entered the cab, and Dr. DeSalaberry had his foot upon the step about to enter, when the man who sold me the furs came hastily up, laying his hand on my husband's arm so as to prevent him entering the cab, and saying hurriedly:

"Will you come back, sir? My master wants to speak to you for a minute."

"It is impossible I should return now, my man," replied my husband; "if there is anything amiss about the furs they need not be sent home to-night. I shall see your master to-morrow morning."

"I wish you would come," urged the man earnestly; "there is something wrong about the money, sir, and I am answerable for it because I sold you the goods."

"Oh! if that is all," said my husband, as he jumped into the carriage, "I shall put that all right; have no fear."

I was shivering with cold, and my husband called impatiently to drive on, which he did at a brisk pace, yet not before I had observed that the furrier's man, instead of going home, had entered the grocer's shop, at the door of which the carriage stood.

There was a nice fire in my dressing-room, to which I went directly on entering the house. I knew dinner would be on the table in a few minutes, and that I would just have time to dress and no more, before it would be announced.

The warmth of the room, the bright fire in the grate, the crimson glow from the curtains, the bright soft carpet, all so redolent of comfort, so different from the cold November night, outside, made me feel so thankful and happy in my pretty home.

I had scarcely changed my dress, put the last touches to the ribbon which confined my hair, when Adolph entered already dressed, with baby in her white frock and scarlet sash, crowing in his arms.

My loving, handsome husband, my beautiful baby—how happy and thankful I felt.

Adolph praised the kidney soup, the roasted fowls; everything on the table, he said, was nicer than at the Mess; he wished he could dine always at home. Poor fellow! poor fellow! where did he dine next day?

Why do we, short-sighted creatures, know so little of what is to come on the morrow? That question is easily answered: because if so we would go all our lives with bowed down heads.

At any time Adolph dined at home, since baby was four months old, he had always gone himself to the nursery and brought her downstairs, that she might sit on his knee during dessert. He had just brought her down, and she was crowing over the possession of a very red apple, in which she was vainly endeavoring to insert her only tooth, when a loud ring at the door (I am sure it was louder and hastier than usual) startled us both.

"That man is in a hurry," said my husband, with a smile; "he feels it cold and sharp outside."

Adolph had left the door of the dining-room open as he entered with the baby, and from where I sat at the top of the table I could see straight into the hall. Immediately as the servant responded to the loud ring by opening the outer door, two tall men entered, similarly dressed, with caps on their heads which they did not remove. I took in the whole in one glance, their clothes and faces and the look of quiet determination with which both men entered, and standing side by side, looked into the room.

My heart fluttered and beat strong. I felt they were come for ill, although what that ill was to be I had not time to think of. I could never have thought of it if I had.

They said something to the girl, who immediately entered the room, and going close to her master, said in a half-whisper, "There are two men at the door who wish to speak to you alone."

"Tell them to wait," said my husband, whose back was to the room door and did not see the men.

"We have not time to wait, sir," said one of them, in what appeared to me rather a gruff voice.

He immediately got up, and putting the child into the girl's arms, who stood there as if waiting a reply, walked into the hall.

One of the men spoke to me, saying some words which sounded to me like "The Queen's name and authority," putting his hand on my husband's shoulder as he spoke. I felt indignant with the man's familiarity; woe is me,

During the next twelve months I had to court the familiarity of such as he.

My husband went upstairs, taking one of the men with him, and returning in a few minutes came into the drawing-room with his overcoat on and his hat in his hand, the man who had gone upstairs with him following into the room.

"Euralie," said my husband, coming close up to me, "I am going out with these men. There is some mistake about the money which I got this morning from the paymaster; it will all be easily put to rights. I shall be back in an hour."

I trembled like a leaf that, seared and yellow, is ready to fall in the autumn time; something told me he could not come back in an hour. Alas! alas! he never set foot in that house again.

CHAPTER III.

TRIED FOR FORGERY.

As they went from the door I noticed that one of the men preceded my husband, the other followed him, the latter carrying a writing desk in which Adolph was in the habit of locking up the money he kept for the use of the house. All had passed in less than five minutes from the time that sharp, loud ring came to the door, so quickly that I could not for my life compose my thoughts sufficiently to understand what could be the meaning of it all.

"Who are those men, Eleanor?" said I to the woman, who had the baby still in her arms.

"I think they are policemen, ma'am," said the girl in a subdued voice, and turning away her face as if she would prefer not looking at mine. The table-maid was busying herself removing the dessert. She was a smart Irish woman, of coarser frame and mind both than Eleanor, and at once said, although she had not been spoken to:

"One's the chief of the police; they call him a detective; he searches for stolen goods. I was with a mistress once who lost a valuable ring; and that same man took it out of the coachman's trunk, and took the coachman to prison with him."

Mary had said enough. If she had not opened my eyes, she showed me at least how the current of her own thoughts ran. I passed that weary night and heard every hour strike, pacing back and forth between those two parlors. Had I known where to go to search for my husband, I would have most certainly followed him. I felt there was some hidden disgrace, although what it was I could not define. Thank God, in my heart of hearts I never for one moment mixed up Adolph with it. I had full faith in his innocence; it was clear to me as the noonday.

At nine o'clock next morning I was still walking up and down that parlor, my only seasons of rest the times when I went to the window and tried to see if he was coming up the road.

It was beginning to dawn upon me that, somehow, the man from whom my furs were bought had something to do with all this. I recollected now that the young man who spoke to my husband as he was entering the carriage had said something about the money being wrong, but why should that keep him away all night? Why should policemen be sent to settle a thing that could be settled without their interference? I determined to go and see the furrier myself, and, ringing the bell, I ordered the girl to bring down my hat and cloak. I could not bear to leave the room to go into any part of the house but the room I had last seen him in. I had lifted up my cloak and was about to put it on when a ring at the door told me that Adolph had come home. I flew to open it myself, followed by Eleanor, who had brought down my hat and cloak.

The door was opened, and, with a start of dread, I beheld Sir Frederic Liddle. He entered without my asking him to do so. I was sure he came to me with evil news; he kept his face as subdued as possible, but his eye had a wicked triumph in its expression that told of the fiend whom he served.

"Where is my husband?" I demanded, as I followed him into the drawing-room.

He was not studious in his politeness, now he had already begun the course by which he was to hunt me down into misery and death.

"I hope you will pardon me, Mrs. DeSalaberry," said he, "for not executing the commission given me by your husband last night. He sent for me at nine o'clock, and I promised to come and give you his message; but I thought it was better for you to have a quiet night's rest before you should know all."

A quiet night's rest, indeed! Frederic Liddle knew well the quiet night's rest a loving woman would have who saw her husband depart in such company. Thank God! He sent me strength; so that my tormentor could only imagine, not see what he made me suffer.

"Deliver your message now," said I, with a voice that rung as hard as steel. I daresay my face was white enough, but a muscle of it I know did not move.

"I came by your husband's desire," said he, "to tell you that he is now a prisoner—in jail for forgery. I fear it will be a serious business."

"I do not fear it," replied I, in the same clear voice as before. "He will soon be able to prove his innocence. My father and his own will give bail to any amount."

"I offered bail myself last night," replied he; "but it was refused. You see, this is no common case of forgery. Your husband pretends he received the forged bills from the paymaster, in which case it would just amount to this: that the Queen's government was issuing forged money by sending it to the Colony to pay her troops."

I looked in his face with an eye as clear and

unmoved as ever I had in my young girlhood, when he first knew me, and I said with a steady voice, that showed him I knew no fear: "Colonel Devereux, how dare you say to me my husband pretends?"

"Pardon me, madam," was his reply; "my lips uttered unconsciously the thoughts of my heart. Should Dr. DeSalaberry be able to prove himself guiltless of the crime laid to his charge no one will rejoice more sincerely than I. It is an awkward thing for a man of my rank to have been holding fellowship with a felon for so long a time."

I do not know how I was able to allow him to say all this; but I neither moved nor winced under his bitter mocking words nor his triumphant looks, which told me but too surely that he was the felon, Adolph DeSalaberry his victim.

Although I did not ask Sir Frederic Liddle to sit down, I had done so myself, leaning back on one of the fauteuils, with my arms folded across my bosom. I held him with my eye as he spoke to me, expecting that he would continue standing until asked to sit down. He was more than a match for me, however. He at once drew a chair in front of mine and spoke to and looked at me with a half-compassionate look; it was as if he intended it to be the most bitter mockery. I rose and rang the bell, he continuing to look in my face the while, as if he expected me to reply to his last insolent words.

On the servant appearing I said to her in the same tone I would have used to give her an ordinary command, "Open the door for that man and show him out. Should he come here at any future time do not permit him to enter."

He was not to be outdone, and rising slowly from his chair, said:

"I am now going to the jail to see your husband, and shall tell him that you are more composed than I expected to find you."

The girl stared in stupid surprise; in a few minutes more every servant in my house knew where my husband had passed the night.

I drove down to the jail, (there was no need to go to the furrier's now) and with little trouble was allowed to see my husband; he was alone in a little miserable place, but he told me it was by great favor and only through the influence of Sir Frederic Liddle that this had been effected.

I soon knew all, that is, all he had to tell; he knew as little who had committed the crime he was charged with as I did myself; as to my idea that Sir Frederic Liddle had any hand in it, he would not permit me even to suggest such a thing; all he knew was that he was arrested for uttering forged bills, that those bills he had received from the paymaster, that simultaneously the complaint was made by the three tradesmen whose shops we were in the day previous, of their having received forged money; while the landlord of the inn at Lachine where Sir Frederic and he had stopped came nearly at the same time with a forged note that he had received from one of two gentlemen who stopped at his hotel in the forenoon of the same day.

The paymaster on looking at the bills declared that he had never given those bills to Dr. DeSalaberry, the clerk through whose hands they also came giving the same testimony; what made the matter, if possible, worse was that in his desk, which the detective requested him to allow him search, were a thousand dollars in fifty-dollar bills of genuine money, which the paymaster on being shown declared to the best of his knowledge to be those he had paid to Dr. DeSalaberry in the morning.

This money belonged to me, and had only been given into my husband's charge a few days previously; it was money I had drawn from time to time, being the interest of my bank stock, saving it up until I had a thousand dollars therewith to buy the cottage and garden where we had lived before we came to Montreal.

How time passed until the day of his trial I scarce can tell; his parents and my own came all of them into Montreal to be with me; had I been alone perhaps I would have become crazy; I wished to be present at his trial, but this his father and mine would by no means allow. During all those many weeks that intervened between his committal and trial I saw his cheek growing paler and his hand thinner and more transparent day by day; yet, whatever he felt in his inmost heart he never allowed me for a moment to think that he despaired of proving his innocence. In that cold place, inside those stone walls, he smiled fondly upon me as he assured me of his strong faith that on the day of trial all would be well.

But on the day of trial it was all otherwise; everything against him; Sir Frederic Liddle was called in as evidence, and everyone said his evidence was conclusive; he had seen the paymaster give the bills into my husband's hands; they were new bills, so were the forged ones; but he said, (my father and father-in-law told me) giving his evidence with the greatest reluctance, "I am sure the bills given by the paymaster were not those forged bills I see before me."

And then the Queen's advocate summed up the evidence, and the jury, without retiring, gave their verdict of "Guilty,"—and the judge, some cruel, unfeeling man, gave the sentence; my husband, my dear love, was to be sent to expiate a crime he had never committed, for fourteen years in the Penitentiary.

Old Madame DeSalaberry, my husband's mother, had an attack of paralysis in consequence of her excessive grief for the fate of her only son, and before the day that he was to be taken to Kingston her husband brought her back to their old Manor house in the country.

My father was lying sick of typhoid fever, induced by the same cause, in my own house; I

almost rejoiced that it was so; had they been able to prevent me, I could not have seen my beloved husband on the day they carried him away from me, as I thought then, perhaps for ever.

I had ascertained, by inquiries made on my last visit to the jail, that the prisoners were to be taken away by the train that started for Kingston at nine in the morning. I was told that I would not be allowed to see my husband that day; it was impossible; there was no time for visitors at that hour of the morning; but I determined that I should see him, if not inside the prison, then outside.

It was a miserable cold and rainy morning, the heavens weeping for him and perhaps for others suffering under an unjust sentence; I was at the prison gate an hour before the time, standing close to the wall, with the rain beating on my head and face. I did not feel it; I was conscious of neither rain nor cold.

At last the van that was to take away the prisoners came up to the gate; it could not enter, there was a great hole just in front and men working there that prevented its entrance.

I heard some one say they were mending the pipes that brought the water into the jail.

The prisoners were brought out two by two, with irons on their feet so that they could walk but a short step at a time, and their wrists fastened in the same way, so that they had but little use of their hands.

Several of them came out and were helped into the van by the policemen, and then there was a little pause—my heart throbbed violently, I thought "at last they have discovered he is innocent;" it was but for a moment, he was brought out last of all, ironed like the others; before he could reach the van I sprang forward and threw my arms round his neck. I felt him try to raise his arms, but he could not. "Oh! Euralie, why are you here," said he.

"I want to go with you," I replied, and looking in the face of a tall policeman who was helping my husband forward, I besought him with frantic words to let me go also.

The man looked at me and spoke with pitying tones, assuring me it could not be, and I was forced back against the wall and my husband placed in that black van and hurried off from my sight.

(To be continued.)

"NO ADMITTANCE."

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

A wealthy Syrian—Abdallah by name—fell ill, and died; and when his spirit came before the gate of Heaven, the Angel there (who stands with awful and majestic air To guard the Elysian portal) softly said, "Whence comest thou?" The Syrian bowed his head.

And answered, "From Aleppo." "Very well—What wast thou?" asked the heavenly Sentinel. "A merchant." "True; but tell me all the rest," replied the Angel, "all—the worst and best; From me,—reflect,—no act can be concealed!" Whereat the merchant all his life revealed, And nothing hid of aught that he had done; How he had sailed beneath the Indian sun, In quest of diamonds, and for yellow gold To Northern Asia: how he bought and sold By the Red Sea, and on the wondrous Nile; And stormy Persian Gulf; and all the while Had bravely striven to keep his conscience clear, Though always buying cheap and selling dear, As merchants use—"and so I thrived amain," He said, "for many a year,—nor all vain For public benefaction, since I gave Freely for charity—content to save Enough for me and mine,—a handsome store,— And that is all."—"Nay, there is something more,"

The Angel said,—"Of thy domestic life Thou hast not spoken—hast thou not a wife?" "Yes!" said the Syrian, with a sigh that spoke Of many a groan beneath the marriage yoke. Whereat the Angel said, "By God's rich grace, Come in!—poor suffering soul, and take thy place Among the martyrs—and give Heaven thanks!" Now, as he entered the celestial ranks, Another soul approached the golden door, Who, having heard all that he who came before Had spoken, and observed him entering in The open portal, thought himself to win Easy admittance, for when he had told His history, like the other, he made bold To add, "All this, Good Angel, is most true; And, as for wives, I've had no less than two!" "Twice married!" said the Angel, with a face Of wrath and scorn—"Unfortunates have place In Heaven's blest mansions—but, by Reason's rules, (So get thee hence!) there is no room for fools!"

CLEVEDON CHIMES:

Their Christmas Peal for 1872.

CHAPTER III.

ONCE again the chimes of Clevedon are to fall in sweet-toned melody on our ears, ringing in the Christmas Feast. The earth is very white and pure; the short December day has drawn to its close; Night, with her diadem of stars, is enthroned in the limitless sky; and the cold, still air is waiting motionless to bear on its spirit-wing the first glad peal of joy. All day long, Sybil and Rachel have been busy in the beautiful church with clustering holly, and rich, rare flowers. Their work is now completed; they have gone to their separate homes, waiting, like the silent air, for the first sweet tone of the chimes to call them to join in the Christmas song.

The Vicar and his daughter are standing by the library fire, talking earnestly together, whilst they wait for the wanderer to accompany them to church. It is eight o'clock in the evening. Rachel is not much altered since we saw her last, except that, when in her father's presence, she is always cheerful. Mr. Grey looks sadly anxious. He has been talking to Rachel about the story of the wanderer, which she has known some time now, and the reason he was doubly thankful she had refused the Squire. She has listened calmly: she believes her father; she believes the stranger; but she also believes better things of Ralph Clevedon than they do.

Sybil has been talking to her all day long of her father; has told her he is changed; that he talks oftener of her mother, and sometimes of the children, who all died so long ago; that she had heard him wish they were not all dead. "But he is quite sure they are," the child had concluded. "I have asked him many times, and he always says they are."

"You have done much, my little child," said Rachel, at parting. "Sooner or later, your reward will come."

The wanderer is by himself, in his room, looking out in the starlight on the frost-jewelled earth. Shadows sweep over the snow landscape before him—shadows of his past life. Some are cruel, some are kind, some make him groan in anguish of spirit; they are the shadows of past misdeeds! There is one, frail, wavering shadow a long way off, where the snow and the sky seem to meet; and, as the wanderer looks on it, and thinks that perhaps but for him that shadow might have been a bright reality to-night, there comes a dimness, over the brilliancy of his eyes, and he turns from the window, and joins the Vicar.

Eight of the clock this same Christmas Eve: Sybil, wrapped up warmly in the drawing-room, waiting for her father to take her to church. Her little heart is beating high, for her mission will end to-night. With her own hands she piles great logs of wood on the already glowing earth, then draws three chairs in front of it. The Squire laughs softly behind her. He has entered the room unnoticed.

"One for you, and one for me. And the third, Sybil? Oh, silly little Sybil! put it away; there is no one to fill that chair, child!"

"Let it remain, father," Sybil says earnestly. "Christmas is a wonderful time; it may be filled before the fire goes out."

"As you like, my little one; our fancy will fill it many times when we come back, I dare say. But, come now—I hear the chimes."

The frost-powdered trees glitter and sparkle in the still starlight as the Squire and his little daughter walk down the park together. The child stops once, as she passes the glade where she first saw the vagrant, takes a deep breath, then walks quickly on.

They are very near the church now. "Father! Sybil says, stopping suddenly, and looking straight up into his face, "mother is looking down on us. Father, listen to me. Did all the children die—all?"

"What do you mean, child? I don't understand you," replies the Squire, nervously.

"All mother's children, all your children: did they all die? Was there not one left besides me? Quick, father, say; mother is looking down on us!"

"O Sybil! Sybil! I wish I could tell you yes. I wish I could say, for her dear sake, there was one alive—one besides you left to me; but I cannot; they are all dead."

"Oh, father! they are now passing through the porch. Dear father, this is the night the Christ-Child came. What did He bring with Him?"

The Squire has no time to answer; but, as he and his little daughter walk up the church aisle, the choir is chanting, "Peace on earth, good-will towards men."

The short, bright service is over; the song of praise is hushed; one by one the lights are extinguished in the church, and the congregation is scattered far and wide—all but the Squire and Sybil, the Vicar, the wanderer, and Rachel.

"Come, father!" said the child, softly; "come now. I have something to tell you out of church."

She took his hand, and drew him gently down the aisle. He passively submitted; but, when he reached the outer air, he stopped, and, by the faint, uncertain light of the stars, Sybil saw he looked pale and disturbed.

"What is the matter, father?" she asked, timidly.

"Nothing—nothing. Who is that stranger with Miss Grey? Does he care for her, and she for him?"

The Squire was speaking at random, and the child was bewildered. She did not understand him.

"The stranger—who is he?" iterated Mr. Clevedon.

Voices were heard close behind them in the church porch. Before Sybil could reply, the Vicar came up to her father, and spoke—

"This is Christmas Eve, Mr. Clevedon. We keep it in the old style. Will you come home with us to-night and bring the little one?"

A strange invitation, and given at an odd time. Mr. Grey had not anticipated a very cordial acceptance of it, but he was not prepared for the cold refusal that fell from the Squire's lips. Alas! for his golden dream!

Sybil held one of her father's hands in both hers so tightly—

"You must go—you must!" she whispered eagerly.

He snatched his hand from her slight grasp,

and, bowing coldly to the group, turned to go towards the Manor. Alas! for Sybil's mission!

Two or three steps, and the soft touch of a woman's hand on his arm again arrested him. It was Rachel.

"You will come home with us, Mr. Clevedon?" she said, in her calm, earnest voice. "The past must be forgotten to-night. There is a great blessing waiting for you in our home. You will come?"

For one moment their eyes met in the uncertain light. The Squire was satisfied now, even if Rachel would never be his wife: he knew she loved him.

"Yes, I will come," was his reply.

They walked home in the starlight all together—the Vicar, and the stranger with Sybil holding his hand, leading the way; Mr. Clevedon and Rachel Grey following.

"Who has the child been walking with?" asked the Squire. "Who is your guest? You have not told me his name."

They had reached the Vicarage now, and were standing on the threshold of the drawing-room. Once again Rachel's hand was laid on his arm. There was a dead silence in the room as she said in her calm voice—

"Sybil has been walking with her brother."

The strong man trembled visibly. He leant against the doorway for support.

"No," he said—"no. The dead never come back. Sybil has no brother."

"Oh, father! yes—they are not all dead, the children—"

"Stay, dear child," said Rachel, with her hand still on the Squire's arm. "Mr. Clevedon, I have told you all the truth. It is very startling, but I am sure you believe me."

"All dead—all dead—only Sybil left. You are mocking me!"

The Squire still stood in the doorway, staring vacantly before him.

"No—not all dead: one other left, so near you now. Look!" and Rachel pointed with her disengaged hand towards the stranger.

Mr. Clevedon followed the action with his eyes; and, as he did, the vacant look faded out of them, and he fixed their earnest gaze full on the wanderer's face.

"This is the blessing I said was waiting for you in our home to-night. You must not turn it away from you, but accept it."

"Accept it," repeated the Squire, vaguely, as Rachel, lightly pressing his arm, turned away as she concluded speaking.

"Oh, father, yes!" cried Sybil; "they—"

"You do not remember me," said the wanderer, coming forward and interrupting the child; "you do not remember me, because you have never seen me since I was far younger than this little one. You have thought me dead these many years—but I have been living out the bitter punishment you inflicted on me when you cast me off for my first folly without once seeing me, or giving me a chance to retrieve my good name—you—"

He was interrupted by the Vicar, Rachel, and Sybil withdrawing from the room, leaving him and his father alone.

"Go on," said the Squire, in a thick, low voice, when the door was closed. "I know you now. Don't spare me; your mother's face looks out of yours. Go on—tell me all."

"I have spoken too bitterly," said the young man. "I have said more than I intended. You must forgive me, father. I have suffered much."

"Suffered much," echoed the Squire, groping his way to a chair as if he could not see, and sinking into it. "So did she. She died of suffering: her heart was broken."

"Father, why were you so hard with me?" The wanderer's voice trembled as he spoke. "I was but a boy. I was led into error: I gambled, I forged. You might have saved me, father. You had never seen me since I was a little child—you knew nothing of my nature: I don't think it was a bad one; but you would not let me come out to you in India; you cast me utterly off, and said you would never see or own me again. I was very proud. I had repented bitterly and sincerely of my fault—had humbled myself to you as I could to no one else—had sought your pardon and your compassion; but to no purpose. I have never forgotten the harshness of your reply, that came so many, many thousands of miles: 'You are no longer my son: you are quite dead to me. I know no more of you for ever, from this day. I have no forgiveness in my heart for you.' You remember these words? Ah, I am saying too much again."

"Not too much, not too much," groaned the Squire. "Go on—tell me more."

"You did not address me by any name," resumed the young man. "I do not know that you had a right to free yourself so completely of me, for I was but a youth. But I took you at your word; I was no longer your son. If you could have given me all the wealth you are possessed of now, I would not have touched it—I would not have forgiven you your harshness. I joined a reckless set: I went from bad to worse. Sometimes I won largely—oftener I lost. At one time I would have plenty; at another, be in extreme want. Years passed in this way. I had come to the last stage of wretchedness—I was longing to die; when, one day last August, I passed through this village. I was very weary. I had long been without food. I heard the church bells ringing, and they seemed to bring back the time when my poor mother used to take me to church with her, and teach me to be good and true. I stood out in the porch, and listened to the prayers. I stole in once, and tried to say the Creed; but I had almost forgotten it. Then I listened to the sermon, but I could not quite believe it—it was not meant for a castaway like me, I thought. I

wandered down by the graves. I wanted to know the road to Portsmouth. There was a gentleman coming from the church: I asked him. He waved me off—he thought I was begging. That gentleman was—"

The wanderer stopped suddenly. The Vicar had told him to be merciful; and, in his bitterness, he was forgetting the good advice.

"The gentleman was—" echoed the Squire, in a concentrated voice.

"You," returned the son, as gently as he could. A groan burst from the father's heart; then, a moment after, he sprang to his feet.

"I see it all now," he said, walking rapidly up and down the room in his excitement. "You are the stranger I watched by in the ruined barn, that August night. I thought you a beggar, a common tramp. But, as you lay there, there came such a wonderful likeness into your face of your dead mother, that it has haunted me ever since. I had no sympathy with you, I tell you honestly. I am by nature hard and cold, and I looked upon you as on any other vagrant. I did not recognize you;—how should I, when I believed you dead? For listen: after you had that last letter from me—that even now I would give all I possess to unwrite—your poor mother faded silently away, like a wounded flower. At last, they told me she was dying. I felt it to be true. It broke down all my hardness, all my bitter resolves against you. I left no means untried to discover where you were. I even left your dying mother to seek you myself—but to no purpose; you were utterly lost. I returned, only to see her die, and to tell her you were dead before her; for, from what little I could discover about you, I had every reason to believe that you were dead."

The Squire paused a few moments, then continued—

"Yes, I see it all now. My own child has been indebted to a stranger for greater charity and love than I thought existed in the world. And Sybil—her eagerness to know about the dead children, and her earnest manner of late—I see—I understand—she has known about all this. She thought I deceived her to-night when I said they were all dead. Poor little girl!—she has worked bravely and well. All have worked well—only I have failed! You shame me—shame me!" The Squire shaded his eyes with his hands; his cold, hard heart was softened.

"Tell me," he went on to say presently, "how you made the Vicar understand about all this."

"I told him, when the delirium had left me, and I was strong enough to talk a little," replied the young man—"I told him I was your son. I kept nothing back from him, but told him the whole story. He believed me. I was not satisfied with that: I told him how he could find proofs of my assertions, by going to the town where my mother lived when in England. He went, and found them; but he dreaded your harshness. I hoped nothing from you. I was only eager at first to get well, and go away again on my wandering life. But illness softens one; and the good influences with which I have been surrounded lately, and the kindness I have received from strangers, have done much towards restoring my better nature. The night I was found in the barn, I had a few moments of consciousness. I remember seeing you in the doorway. I was afraid you were going to help me in some way—"

"You need not have feared," interrupted the Squire, sadly. "I have never helped any one in my life."

"I should not have known you," resumed the wanderer, "if it had not been for the child. After you waved me off, in the churchyard, I followed her into the park. I asked her the name of the village. I was struck by the name. I asked her who was that proud, dark man that had waved me off, by the church. She replied that it was Mr. Clevedon, and that he lived at the house in the park. I had not recognized you—I had never seen you since you sent me to England, a boy of six or seven; but, long ago, I knew from my mother that you were heir to some large property. I remembered that the then owner was not likely to be alive now; or, if he were, he would be a much older man than you. I felt convinced that I was near you. My heart was very bitter: I thought of all the past, and what I might have been. I was sick and weary, too—I had long been without food. The child gave me a half-crown. For a moment I was grateful to her; then a strange, undefined suspicion came into my mind. I asked her if she knew Mr. Clevedon;—she said she was his daughter. My whole soul rose against her gift. I gave her back the money. I walked quickly away, with a burning fever in my head and heart. To what had I come—to be relieved like a common vagrant by my own sister, on my own father's land! It was more than my nature could endure. There is nothing so galling to a proud heart as receiving favours or patronage from those whose equals in point of birth we know ourselves to be, yet from whom we are separated by the chasm of worldly wealth or present position."

The wanderer paused. Was he the better, he wondered, for the sharp discipline he had undergone—as the Vicar hoped he was, when he returned to the world? No; we are never the better for recalling or dwelling upon old wrongs and injuries: it only nurtures in us the desire to measure out to others what has been so unsparingly meted to us.

"You have not told all," said the Squire. "What did you do, where did you go, when you left the child?"

"I wandered about the fields and lanes hopelessly, recklessly, seeking only for some hiding-place in which to die. I found the

ruined barn; I sank down on the ground; the sights and sounds around me became dim and confused. I remember opening my eyes once, and seeing my mother and a little child kneeling in the bright sunlight—the child was like what I used to be, and she was teaching him to pray. I tried to follow, but I had no power of speech. My eyes closed, and there seems a great blank, except a few moments of consciousness I had when I saw you in the doorway—until I awoke one day, and found myself here. I have no language to express the feeling in my heart towards Mr. Grey."

He ceased speaking, and stood by his father's side, looking into the fire. A little face appeared between them—it was Sybil's.

"Father," she said, softly, "I am not the only one in the world you have to love you now, am I?"

The Squire drew her closely to him, at the same time taking the hand of his son in a firm, warm grasp.

"The past must be forgiven between us," he said, with deep feeling. "I do not say forgotten—there is only a half-truth in the old aphorism; we can never forget whilst reason is left to us, and it may do one of us good, perhaps, to remember a little—but all is forgiven on my side, and on yours too, I trust?"

"Yes, oh yes!" replied the wanderer, in broken accents, returning the clasp of his father's hand, and kissing Sybil's upturned face. "Christmas is a wonderful time," murmured the child, thoughtfully.

"It is indeed, my little one," said the Vicar's voice behind her—"wonderful to all of us, though in different ways. I have judged you harshly and wrongly, Mr. Clevedon," he continued, turning towards the Squire. "I am sorry for my prejudice. How completely I am divested of it now, I think Rachel will be better able than I to tell you presently."

They all gathered round the hearth, a happy, smiling group—so much to hear, so much to tell, so much for which to be grateful. Their voices were lowered, and their faces took a sadder turn when they spoke of the tenant of the distant grave; but their gladness was not taken away by doing so, only chastened. She could not be forgotten on such a night as this.

"Her memory will ever live in my heart," said the Squire to Rachel, when the others had withdrawn, and they were alone together. "She was all the brightness of my early life. We never forget the freshness of the first morning of spring, though the summer heat has scorched up all its blossoms; and so it comes that we cling with greater tenacity to the few stray flowers we find in the autumn of life, and perhaps we gather one before the winter closes in upon us. They are very rare and excellent sometimes, these flowers that come in autumn, Rachel."

"Are they as much loved, though in a different way, as those that come in the spring?" asked Rachel, in a low voice.

The Squire took both her hands in his, and looked straight into her truthful eyes.

"I think—Rachel—I think—I hope—I am saying what is true when I tell you they are quite as much loved;—at least, with me it is so. You believe me, Rachel?"

"Yes"—and her heart was in the tone of her voice, though it was still low.

"And you give me, in return for this, your young affections, in all their purity and freshness. Is it so, Rachel?"

The reply was lower than ever.

"I love you with all my love," she said. There was a short silence; then the Squire spoke again.

"You wished your father to reply to my letter as he did, because you thought me hard and worldly, and cruel towards her about my son?"

"I did not know the story of the stranger then," replied Rachel; "but I—" the words failed her: she could not go on.

"You believed the other of me?" asked the Squire, quickly.

Rachel shaded her face from him with her hands as she replied—

"I am afraid so."

"But not now, Rachel—not now? Quick—say!"

"No, never again," said Rachel, with her face no longer shaded.

"In the coming time," said the Squire, presently—"in the coming time, Rachel, when you are my wife, will you wish it otherwise than that I should still remember my children's mother?"

"When you forget her," was the reply, "you will cease to love me. Could I wish that?"

The Squire was satisfied, and Rachel's patient trust and faithful affection more than rewarded. Christmas, as Sybil said, was a wonderful time.

When Mr. Clevedon, the wanderer, and the now happy child had returned to the Manor, although late at night, the fire was still bright on the hearth, and the three chairs were standing before it as they had been left.

"It was right, father," cried Sybil, joyfully; "there is some one to fill the third chair before the fire goes out!"

There might have been four placed there, the Squire thought; but he only said, as he kissed his little daughter—"Sybil, you were well named."

M. Edmond About's new work, entitled "Alsace," has been brought out in Paris. Among other novelties is a story by M. Maurice Sand, "Angusta," the plot of which is chiefly founded on the events of the last war.

For the Favorite.

LOVE AMONGST THE ROSES.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

When swing the morning-glory bells,
By marble pillar wreathing;
When o'er the perfumed violet dells,
The morning zephyr's breathing.
That time I wandered down a way,
That myrtle sweet encloses;
And all about I prayed and peeped
For Love amongst the Roses!

A rosy brake I saw ahead,
In golden vapor flushing;
My steps were wing'd, and on I sped,
The fragrant fortress crushing,
The dewy petals flutter'd fast,
The gap to me disclosing;
Asleep upon the damask blooms,
Sweet Love amongst the Roses!

I stood entranc'd. Oh, beautiful sight!
He look'd so sweet and simple,
Th' infant curls of golden hair—
Th' crimson cheek and dimple.
His golden quiver empty lies;
His chubby hand encloses
A crimson heart, and thus I find
Arch Love amongst the Roses!

A curious sunbeam quivers down,
And trembles while it glances;
O'er rosy limb and rainbow wing,
All gleaming as it dances.
Breathless I stretch my hand to grasp,
And, oh sweet joy! it closes
Upon the artful Paphian child:
Sweet Love amongst the Roses!

What time the moon's young crescent hung,
Low set above the valley;
And silvery vapors ghost-like clung;
I wander'd down an alley
Of sombre cypress-trees, where naught
But Sorrow's self reposes;
For, weary time! no more I found
Coy Love amongst the Roses!

With many a sigh I wander'd on,
Thro' all its dark recesses;
In sable weed all woeful clad,
My foot the dead leaves presses.
When suddenly the darkest brake
A rosy light discloses,
And, full of joy, sweet Love I find
Who fled from 'mongst the Roses!

He to my bosom flies, fair child!
My way with joy bequiling;
Tho' still it lay thro' shaded ways,
The darkest spot seem'd smiling.
A silly song? Nay! it I claim,
The gracious moral shows us,
That Love's as fair 'mid Sorrow's shades
As Love amongst the Roses!

PETERBORO', ONT.

For the Favorite.

Heart Strings Touched by Little Hands.

BY BELLELLE,

OF MONTREAL.

Toll! toll! pealed the bells of Notre Dame, chiming forth their glorious Christmas carols o'er the fair city of Montreal.

Toll! toll! they pealed through the clear frosty evening air, proclaiming that on the morrow a Christ would be born. Toll! toll! with joy ringing in their majestic tones, and mystic voices speaking through them to the hearts of those beneath, amid the glad some tidings whispering of fraternal charity to the rich and happy, of hope and comfort to the poor and weary, to all of mercy and salvation.

It was just six o'clock, and through the busy streets all classes, mingled together, were hurrying home from their daily labors. The gaily-dressed and brilliantly-lit shop windows presented a tempting aspect, while the proud millionaire as well as the ragged newsboy could not fail to admire, the latter poor little fellow with eager, wistful eyes longing for the morrow, which, even to him, would bring joy.

Francis Raymond had just left his counting house, and was proceeding with slow, heavy steps in the direction of his lordly mansion in the west end. He was a bachelor of about thirty-five years of age, but from the many streaks of silver in his thick black hair and well-trimmed moustache, appeared at least ten years older. His form, which was of the medium height, was enveloped in a costly coat of fur; a cap of the same was drawn low on his brow, yet plainly revealed the dark, cold eyes which shone beneath, and which gazed with a cynical distrustful expression on all. His face was not really handsome, but a certain interest hung around it which could not fail to attract; and on gazing on the broad, well-formed brow and clear cut features, one could not help feeling that tenderness might have beamed upon them, although it never did. In business, his strict integrity and honorable dealings won the respect of every one, but any attempt at intimacy or friendship was coldly repulsed. His immense fortune gave him *carte blanche* to the first society of the city, and many were the invitations left at the door of his elegant home, all of which were politely and decisively declined. Charitable he was said to be, for when charity was asked of him his gold was lavishly thrown down, but more through indifference to the value of money than through kindness to suffering humanity. Sunday after Sunday he drove to church in his stately carriage. When there, he knelt and bowed his head as others did, but whether in prayer or merely through custom no one dared to judge, and certainly no

one could judge from the dark impenetrable eyes or firm unmoving lips. Known by reputation to all, acquainted with many, to none did he unveil his heart or breathe aught of his past. God and himself alone knew that. Toll! toll! rang the bells, now rolling with great harmonic peals, now more softly, as the wintry winds wafted their tones in another way, now raising their powerful voices as if there were hearts within them that would burst with joy; now whispering in low, mellow tones of peace to men of good-will below. Francis Raymond walked on more slowly, stopping ever and anon to listen, for to him they brought back the remembrance of a Christmas Eve just twelve years ago, when to the music of these self same bells he had vowed his love and received promises of eternal affection and fidelity from the beautiful Ella Vane.

He was then but a poor young clerk in a mercantile house, which he had first entered as a message boy, without friend or relative in the world. When he met Ella Vane she had just come from her home in Upper Canada, where she had lost both father and mother in the space of three months. A widowed aunt with a comfortable income had brought her to reside in Montreal, and in her kindly but ambitious mind foresaw a brilliant marriage for her very beautiful niece. Many, many were the admirers who flocked around, and among them—the poorest but most ardent, perhaps,—was Raymond. Oh, how he loved her; day after day he watched to get a glimpse of her as she passed through the street, and night after night he saw her in his dreams. He seldom came to the house, for her aunt had noticed the depth of his unspoken love, and took every means to discourage it, inwardly fearing his personal and mental attractions over Edgar Lewis, the wealthy rival, whom she had already determined upon as Ella's husband.

And this was the anniversary of the day he had told his love; just at this hour he had sought the house and entering the cozy little parlor found his darling sitting in a low chair before the grate, the warm firelight shining on her dark brown hair and lighting up her dreamy gray eyes. Toll! toll! rang the bells, their tones softened and mellowed by the distance, forming a tender thrilling accompaniment to the words which were breathed in her ears, "Ella, dear Ella, to-night I must know my fate. I love you, I have long loved you." The little hand which he had clasped in his was not withdrawn, warm blushes suffused the cheeks, and tears glistened in the expressive eyes.

"Can you love me, Ella?" The low, scarcely-uttered answer was not necessary to convince him that her heart was his.

"Well, listen, dearest; I am very poor, and to ask you to marry me now would be a cruelty to you. To-day I was offered a situation in a large business in the Western States, which, possessing many advantages, I have decided to accept. Will you wait for me a little while? Will you trust me and be true to me?"

"Oh! Frank dear, why leave me?" she passionately exclaimed.

"Because I could not bring you down from comfort to penury, my poor bird. We are both young, and time will quickly fly. Here is a ring, which you must wear as a token of our engagement. It was once placed as a betrothal ring on my dear dead mother's hand. May the simple cluster of pearls which shine as bright and stainless as the first day they were worn be a symbol of our pure, undying affection."

Soon after this he departed, to be away longer than he expected. At first, correspondence was regular between them; then he was obliged to travel, and his letters for a while were less frequent, then they were left unanswered. Two long years had passed before he again set foot in Montreal. All too soon it was for the news which awaited him. Ella Vane had married the wealthy Edgar Lewis and gone to reside in Europe.

With what a crushing weight this blow fell upon him it would be hard to describe. In that moment his whole life was blighted, and with a changed nature he turned again towards the world, a bitter, hardened man. Time went on, each succeeding year, as it added to his wealth, making him more selfishly indifferent to the joys or woes of others, more distrustful of all affection. Soon he found himself one of the richest merchants of Montreal, his magnificent house, his splendid equipages, his liveried servants, envied by many. Who would have done so, had they seen the crushed heart or known the utter sense of loneliness which depressed the man as he wended his steps homewards on that 24th of December?

He had just reached his house, and was ascending the stone steps, when a low sob attracting his attention, he turned, and by the dim gaslight discerned two weeping children. The older, a boy of about ten years of age, was in the act of wrapping his own muffler around a delicate shivering little girl beside him. Something in the piteous upturned faces struck Raymond.

"Please, sir, we have lost our way, and my little sister is very cold," said the boy timidly. "Lost your way, eh! Well come in and warm yourselves."

The door opened. "Give these children something to eat," he said to one of his servants, and then entering his elegant dining room, sat down to his own sumptuous dinner and forgot all about them. He had not much appetite that evening; somehow the long-buried past would arise again and unfold itself before his weary eyes.

He lit a cigar and sat down in a great arm-chair, hoping that the wreathing clouds of smoke

from his pipe Havana would dim his vision to the ever-recurring picture of what might have been.

The voice of a servant aroused him. "What will we do with those children, sir?" "Do with them! Oh, yes; I had forgotten. Why, bring them home, to be sure. Where do they live?"

"That's what they don't know themselves, sir. They only came into the town to-day; their mother died in Quebec last week, and some old woman, a nurse or something, is going to take care of them; but it's little care she is taking, when she let them out alone and them not knowing the name of a street."

"Send them to me till I question them!"

Once more alone, and the broken spell returned—the long-buried past arose again. He did not notice when the door softly opened and the two children stood close behind his chair. No, all the world might have been there then. He was dreaming again his past short dream of bliss. His Ella, his loved one, stood before him, and gazed upon him with her fond grey eyes. For a long time he remained perfectly quiet, his head resting forward upon his hands. Suddenly he raised it. He looked up, and the vision fled. "Lost! lost!" he cried out, and for the first time in many years the fountain of his heart was let loose—he burst into tears. For several minutes the strong man's frame shook with long suppressed emotion, and the children watched in silent surprise.

At last the little girl, unable any longer to restrain her impulsive heart, approached him. A little arm stole round his neck, a little cheek rested against his, and a sweet little voice whispered imploringly in his ear:

"Don't, dear sir; please don't cry!"

He started to find that he was not alone, and wondered at himself when he felt that he could not repulse the child.

"Is any one you love dead, like our dear mamma?"

"Yes! dead, indeed," he muttered to himself.

"Have you no one to love you now?"

"No."

"Where are your little children?"

The words stung him; he strove to shake her off, but the little arms clung more tenderly, and the little voice sounded like long-forgotten music to his ear.

"I am sorry, poor sir, that you are not happy."

"Humph!" he hated pity, even from a child.

"I would love you if you would let me."

At this juncture the boy came forward saying:

"Stop, Ella! you are bothering the gentleman."

Raymond started. Was it the name alone which blanched his cheek and made his firm lip quiver? No. On the hand which the boy stretched out toward his sister shone a cluster of pearls—the same, yes, he knew it, the very same he had once given to his lost love.

"Where did you get that ring?" he cried roughly, grasping the boy's arm.

Frightened into tears, yet with a proud candor overspreading his noble brow, the child answered:

"Indeed, it is my own, sir. It was given to mamma by an old and very dear friend, and she told me never to part with it."

"What is your name?" Raymond asked.

"Edgar Lewis."

"And your mother's name before her marriage?"

"Ella Vane."

That was enough; the name which for so many years had never been pronounced in his hearing, which he had never allowed to cross his own lips, now fell with sweet magic on his ear, and, sinking into his heart, purified it of its selfish grief and softened it towards the homeless orphans, who stood gazing at him in great amazement.

"My poor children!" he said at last, laying his hand gently on the rich brown tresses of the little girl. "I am your mother's friend. It was I who gave her that ring."

"You, sir?" exclaimed the boy. "Are you Francis Raymond?"

"Yes, child; but how do you know my name. Did Ella—did your mother ever mention it?"

"Oh yes; and when she was very ill, and did not know any of us, she often repeated it to herself. When she was dying she gave me this letter to post for you in Montreal, as she said she would then be sure that you would get it. Ella and I went out to look for the post-office to-day, as old nurse was sick, and we lost our way, and I don't know what we would have done if you had not brought us in."

With reverent awe he took the packet from the boy's hand. Then he rang for his house-keeper, and bade her take the children and provide comfortable beds for them.

Once alone, he gazed on the well-known writing; he pressed it to his lips, and with trembling hands broke the seal which the fingers of the beloved dead had fixed. It read as follows:

"FRANCIS RAYMOND,

"You have long blamed me, despised me, perhaps. You have believed me false and fickle; but now, in my last hour, allow me to plead my excuse, and tell you of the deep love which has filled my soul even to this my dying day. For years my heart has been slowly breaking. Ah! beneath bright eyes and smiling lips there are more breaking hearts in this world than any one imagines. After you left me, your letters came regularly for about six months, then at more distant intervals, and finally stopped. Though grieved beyond measure, I still trusted you and hoped in the future to hear that you were always true. One day

my aunt came to me and showed me a note announcing your marriage to a beautiful American heiress. The blow was terrible, and for many weeks I staggered under it, but at last a fatal pride came to my rescue. My aunt (but judge her not, for she has already appeared before heaven's tribunal) encouraged this feeling, and shortly after, standing by the side of Edgar Lewis, I perjured myself at God's holy altar. The rest is easily told. We went to Europe, where we lived in luxury for about a year. Edgar, whose propensities were always a little wild, then began to gamble. Three years after he died a ruined man, leaving me and my innocent babes penniless. I returned to this country, and in the city of Quebec for seven long years I earned my own and my children's bread. Accidentally I heard of your life in Montreal, of your cold, unimpressible heart, of your distrust in all women; then I understood the truth, and I felt that I was the cause of it all. Three years ago I saw you in the streets of Quebec. Led on by an unconquerable impulse, I ran towards you. Do you remember the poor woman who came and laid her hand on your arm? You thought I was a beggar, and threw me your gold. Ah! it remained on the pavement where it fell, and I returned to my lonely home my heart broken, indeed. I am glad to leave this weary world. My poor children will be kindly cared for by an old woman, who has been both friend and servant for many years. She is very fond of them, and has promised me to work for them while she lives. I am very tired now, dear Frank. Death is quietly stealing upon me. I am going to heaven. My beloved, my only beloved, meet me there.

"ELLA VANE."

"Too late! too late!" he cried, as the hot tears rose to his eyes, and the knowledge of her faithful love increased the sense of his now thrice bitter loss. But an angel spirit hovered around, a holy light shone in his soul to direct him. Too late for Ella Vane, but not too late for her homeless orphans. Henceforward they would be his own.

Many were the glances cast at Raymond's pew on Christmas morning when he knelt with two plainly-clad children by his side. But he noticed them not. Grace had begun to work within him, and he heard only the mellow peals of the organ, which filled him with a sweet unknown tranquility. The Christmas hymn swelled upon the air, and from the depth of his heart, from which all bitterness was gone, he joined in the mighty chorus:

"Glory be to God on high and peace to men of good-will below."

For the Favorite.

THE OSHAWA DUEL.

BY M. A. NEDSMULL,
OF OAKVILLE, O.

When Mrs. McE—y kept the Oshawa Hotel, and a good one it was, in the year 18—, it happened that a couple of eccentric individuals who at that particular time had taken up their "habitat" in Oshawa, frequented her house. One whom I shall call Lanky, was very peculiar in his gait and appearance. He was very lean and long. His feet turned out. His knees had a visible affection for each other and tried to meet. He had a long scraggy neck, goggle eyes, enormous pendant ears, and an habitual diabolical leer on his mouth, which seemed like the effect of a fit of apoplexy. He spoke also with a continual drawl.

The other whom I shall call Hector, was as odd in his way. With short curled red hair and fierce little whiskers, piggy eyes, squat figure, important air, and a habitual stutter, Hector was as remarkable an individual as you would wish to behold.

It happened one day at dinner that these two heroes sat directly opposite, and thus "had the honor of making their first acquaintance." The tables were quite full. There was the little fat elderly Irish Dr. up to everything. There was long John W. of the mill, whose wife was dead of the measles. A lawyer or two from Whitby. A fellow from Brooklyn that sold beehives and henroosts or such things. All of them ready for any kind of fun.

Hector in the bustle while the waiter was out of sight, cast his eye on a dish of tomatoes and began, "Sir-sir, tom-tom-tom." "My name is not Tom," drawled out Lanky. "I-I s-a-say, sir, tom-tom." A horrible leer from Lanky who began to be excited, as with contemptuous drawing emphasis he said, "I am neither Tom, nor a Tom Cat, nor a Tom Tom."

"He would play a tune on you, if you were," remarked one.

"Don't let him insult you," said another. Little Hector made no reply, but coloring as red as a turkey-cock, he rose up, seized the dish of tomatoes, and dashed the contents in Lanky's face.

Everything now was in confusion. In vain Mrs. McE—the genteel hostess, tried explanation. The parties were separated. Two knots were formed in different rooms, round them, and the wicked wags set themselves successfully to get up a duel.

Pistols were provided, an old cavalry pair of enormous calibre, that had been worn in "37." Dusk was the time appointed. They were to be allowed to take aim. The bed of the creek between the mill and the railroad was to be the place. And the combatants were advised to

make their wills. Attorneys were found. Surgeons were selected. Bandages, and a couple of shutters to be used as stretchers were provided.

The unfortunate combatants were pretty cool by this time, but the "seconds" would hear of nothing short of "honorable reparation."

Meanwhile the pistols were loaded. The crowd adjourned in two's and three's to the scene of action, and the seconds and indeed all concerned except the principal actors were full of zeal to see the event.

However the seconds and the rest managed to load the pistols with some oatmeal porridge which was one of the morning refreshments of a few of the boarders in the establishment.

At length all found their way in safety to the creek. The distance was marked and the two heroes now as pale as death, and trembling from head to foot, felt ready for an accommodation. "Perhaps," inquired Lanky with his teeth chattering, "the gentleman is prepared to offer an apology." "Hush, hush," cried his second. "He declares that if you won't fight, he will drag you in the gutter in the morning." "Oh," he replied, trembling, "I will take an apology, anything if he will offer one." "Well I'll see the other second," said the wicked fellow.

Little Hector with his eyes staring and his hands as cold as ice, began to declare that he felt some regret on his part. The seconds consulted, and it was reported that Lanky would have one shot, and that fair or foul, but with this would rest satisfied. It was reported to Lanky that Hector would shoot him where he stood if he offered to retreat.

The seconds informed each of the necessity of one well-aimed shot. Not to fire in the air was most earnestly recommended. And at last the combatants were placed in the closing dusk at twelve paces for one shot.

The word was given. The reports were simultaneous, and two horrible yells were the result. The porridge struck Lanky in the head, and Hector in the abdomen. Clapping his hand on the place, Hector darted to the fence, cleared it at a bound and fled to the doctor with half the pack after him yelling and cheering. Until he reached the doctor Hector kept his hand on the place and rushing into the little doctor's office, roared, "Doctor hurry, hurry, all my bowels are shot out, just feel here."

Lanky lay on the ground in an agony of horror, "Oh, my brains, my brains. To die thus for the gratification of others." It may be said that they both recovered, and so ends the most valiant deed ever done in Oshawa.

FAMILY MATTERS.

A CUT lemon kept on the wash-stand, and rubbed over the hands daily, after washing, and not wiped off for some minutes, is an excellent remedy for chapped hands.

TO TINT the walls of a room buff, which in many cases is a striking and pretty color, add yellow ochre to the whitewash until the color suits you.

SAUSAGE MEAT.—To fifty pounds of meat add one pint of salt, half a pint of ground pepper, and a heaping pint of powdered sage. The ingredients should be exactly measured.

LAMP chimneys are most apt to crack after being washed. They are less apt to break if moistened with the breath, and polished with a white cloth or paper, and afterwards with a chamois skin, which gives them a clear brilliancy.

SOAPSUDS will eventually destroy the polish on marble fire-places, etc., if used in washing them. The potash in the soap decomposes the carbonate of lime, of which marble is made, and causes the destruction.

CLEANING GLASS.—The lenses of spectacles or spy-glasses that have become scratched or dimmed by age may be cleaned with hydrofluoric acid diluted with four or five times its volume of water. The solution should be dropped on a wad of cotton, and thoroughly rubbed on the glass, which should afterwards be well washed in clear water. Great care must be exercised in handling this acid, as it eats quickly into the flesh, often producing painful and obstinate sores.

RAILWAY PUDDING.—Boil one pint of new milk, and pour it upon half a pint of finely grated and sifted breadcrumbs. Soak this for one hour. Beat four eggs very light, and mix them well with the milk and breadcrumbs; add a teaspoonful of white sugar, a teaspoonful of ground ginger and one of ground cloves, two ounces of butter, cut into very small pieces, and half a pound of raisins, stoned and floured. Beat well together, and bake one hour in a very slow oven. Serve with sweet sauce.

POTATO SALAD.—Any one who has eaten potato salad at a Parisian hotel will be glad to try it after he gets home. The following is a good formula for the simple but delicious preparation: Cut ten or twelve cold boiled potatoes in slices from a quarter to half an inch thick; put into a salad bowl with four tablespoonfuls of tarragon or plain vinegar, six tablespoonfuls of best salad oil, one teaspoonful of minced parsley, pepper and salt to taste; stir well, that all be thoroughly mixed. It should be made two or three hours before needed on the table. Anchovies, olives or any pickles may be added to this salad, as also bits of cold beef, chicken or turkey, if desired; but it is excellent without these.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

TEXTS for sinners—Pretexts.

THE best cosmetic—Soap and water.

HARMLESS pugilism—Striking attitudes.

MAN is a mister, but woman is a mystery.

STRANGE bed-clothes—Three sheets in the wind.

THE RING.—What deity do pugilists usually invoke?—Bacchus!

WHEN is the weather most like a crockery-shop?—When it's muggy.

GOVERNMENT to Pupil: "Where does the tea come from?"—Naughty little boy: "Out of the tea-pot."

"MEET me at the gate, love," has been changed to "Meet me at the grate, love." The cool weather necessitated the change.

MRS. PARTINGTON, noticing the death of Mr. Kyan, the well-known inventor, is extremely anxious to

know if he is the same person who invented kyan pepper.

JOSE BILLINGS says that "trying tew define love is like trying tew tell how yu kum tew brake thru the ice; all yu kno about it iz, yu fell in and got 'duked.'"

A YOUNG man who went West from Danbury a few months ago, has sent only one letter home. It said:—"Send me a wig." And his fond parents don't know whether he is scalped or married.

"DON'T you discover a determination of blood to the head?" inquired a hard drinking man of a doctor he was consulting. "No," said the doctor, "but I think I can discover a determination to get drunk."

A COUNTRY newspaper, recording the running down of a cow on the railway, said it was "out into calves." An astonished naturalist waited on the editor for what the auctioneers call "further information," and received it in the following form: "Erratum—for calves read halves."

A Welsh witness, describing certain events, said, "The person I saw at the head of the stairs was a man with one eye named Morgan Wilkins." "What was the name of the other eye?" spitefully asked the opposing counsel. The witness was disgusted at the levity of the audience.

LEGAL QUESTION.—A jury was brought into court, in order that one of their number might be instructed upon the following point of law: "If I believe that the evidence was one way, and the other eleven believe different, does that justify any other jurymen in knocking me down with a chair?" The Judge answered in general terms.

PLAYING games on the aged is not always productive of flattering results. An old gentleman who frequently comes in when we are busy to talk about theology and the planets, made his appearance the other day at the Danbury News office, when, assuming his blandest smile, the editor passed him a copy of the last report of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture. He was very much pleased with it. He looked it all over, and then turning to the beginning, commenced to read it aloud, and the editor hopes to be nominated for office if he didn't go clear through the volume, carefully and intelligently spelling the long words, and sitting between the editor and the door all the time.

HINTS FOR FARMERS.

BEST TIME FOR PAINTING HOUSES.—The best time for painting the exterior of buildings is late in Autumn or during the Winter. Paint then applied will endure twice as long as when applied in early Summer or in hot weather. In the former it dries slowly and becomes hard, like a glazed surface, not easily affected afterward by the weather or worn off by the beating of storms. But in very hot weather the oil soaks into the wood at once, as into a sponge, leaving the lead nearly dry and ready to crumble off. This last difficulty, however, might in a measure be guarded against, though at an increased expense, by first going over the surface with raw oil. By painting in cold weather, one annoyance might certainly be escaped, namely, the collection of small flies on the fresh paint.

STABLE ECONOMY.—In selecting a site for the horse barn, a high and dry situation is essential in order to drain the stable, purify the atmosphere around it, and preserve the health of the inmates. The stable should front to the south to shelter the stock from the prevailing cold winds, and give them the benefit of the warmth of the sun. It requires to be thoroughly drained and well ventilated. Damp, filthy stables, full of decayed vegetable matter and foul air, are the prominent causes of such fatal disorders as bring fevers, influenzas, farcy and glanders that destroy annually so many valuable horses. Fresh air is indispensable to supply the place of that which has been once breathed, and take away the fumes of ammonia always found in close stables, depriving the atmosphere of its life-sustaining element till it is not fit to breathe. Next to ventilation, light is essential to the health of horses. Blindness, as well as other diseases, have been attributed to dark, ill ventilated stables.

THE ROUTINE OF SOILING CROPS.—Mr. Geo. E. Waring, of Ogden Farm, R. I., gives the following as a suitable routine for soiling crops where the herd consists of about a dozen cows:

1. In the autumn, early, sow 3 acres of rye. It will be ready to cut from May 15 to June 15.
2. April 1st sow 3 acres of oats; cut from June 12th to July 1st.
3. April 10th sow 2 acres of oats or barley; cut from July 1st to 15th.
4. May 1st sow 2 acres of oats or barley; will be fit to cut from July 15th to August 10th.
5. May 15, 2 more acres same; cut from Aug. 10 to Sep. 1.
6. June 15 plant plat No. 1 with corn; cut from Sep. 1 to Sep. 20.

7. Early in June re-sow plat No. 2 with barley: can cut from September 10 until roots and cabbage mature, which is usually from Oct. 1st to 15th.

8. In September sow plats No. 4 and 5 with winter rye for spring use.

The *Practical Farmer* gives the following as another good programme:

- 1 acre early rye the previous fall.
- 1 acre early oats.
- 1 acre sowed corn, May 1, re-sown August 15th.
- 1 acre cabbage.
- 4 acres lucern.
- 2 acres sugar beets and mangolds.

Joseph Quincy's system embraces the following: Clover, rye or orchard grass from May 30 to July 1; oats through July; fodder corn in August (planted in May at intervals of 10 days); oats again in September (second cutting); and fodder corn sow in June; vegetable tops in October; and through the winter hay and oats cut or cooked.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

FORTUNE is the rod of the weak, and the staff of the brave.

A GOOD word for a bad one is worth much and costs little.

ONE ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.

If you would relish your food, labor for it; if you would enjoy your clothes, pay for them before you wear them; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

HOME INFLUENCE.—Travel is instructive and pleasant, but after all there is nothing so enjoyable as the independence and the luxury of one's own home at last. Travel is pleasant, but home is delightful!

In any adversity that happens to us in the world we ought to consider that misery and affliction are not less natural than snow and hail, storm and tempest, and that it is as reasonable to hope for a year without winter as for a life without trouble.

RICHES are not among the number of things that are good. It is not poverty that causes sorrow, but covetous desires. Deliver yourself from appetite, and you will be free. He who is discontented with things present and allotted is unskilled in life.

THE most harmless men are not on that account without enemies, particularly if they add to prudence plain and honest speaking, for nothing excites some persons to violence more than the spectacle of that self-collectedness and self-respect which they do not feel in themselves.

THERE cannot be a surer proof of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always talking and thinking of being genteel—one must feel a strong tendency to that which one is always trying to avoid; whenever we pretend, on all occasions, a mighty contempt for anything, it is a pretty clear sign that we feel ourselves nearly on a level with it.

"It was my custom in my youth," says a celebrated Persian writer, "to rise from my sleep to watch, pray and read the Koran. One night, as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke. 'Behold,' said I, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumbers, while I alone wake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul!' said he; 'it were better for thee to be engaged in irreligious sleep, than to awake to find fault with thy brethren.'"

THE TONGUE.—Give your tongue to be governed by wisdom and piety! let it not be as a thorny bush, pricking and hurting those that are about you, nor altogether a barren tree, yielding nothing; but a fruitful tree—a "tree of life to your neighborhood," as Solomon calls the tongue of the righteous. And let your heart be possessed with those two excellent graces, humility and charity; then will your tongue not be in danger of hurting your neighbor.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE iron mountains of Missouri, it is calculated contain enough ore above the surface to yield one million tons a year for the next two hundred years. The iron made from this ore is strong, tough, and fibrous.

TO EXTINGUISH FIRES.—The mephitic vapor produced by throwing a handful of flowers of sulphur on the burning coals, when a chimney is on fire, will immediately extinguish the flames, on the same principle that it would suffocate any living creature.

ROCKWORK FOR AQUARIUMS.—Very beautiful specimens of rockwork, suitable for small aquariums, may be obtained by melting broken glass bottles in a furnace. When intense heat is applied, and the glass kept in for a great length of time, it will come out almost purely white, and often in the most beautiful forms.

COMBUSTIBILITY OF IRON.—Professor Magnus, at Berlin, has lately been showing the combustibility of iron by exposing the brush of iron filings at the end of a magnetised bar to the flame of a lamp. If the oxide of iron be reduced to a fine porous sponge of metallic iron by passing over it a current of hot hydrogen, the sponge will take fire spontaneously if allowed to fall through the air.

ANTIMONY BLUE.—This color is permanent, says Böttger, and very brilliant. In order to obtain it, metallic antimony is dissolved in aquafortis, the solution filtered through powdered glass, and then added to a weak solution of yellow prussiate of potash; after some time the color is precipitated. This blue is as beautiful as ultramarine. With chrome yellow this coloring matter forms a green similar to that of Schweinfurth, but which is much less poisonous. These colors are most suitable for paints; they mix well with oil, gum, or size.

THE COLOR OF FISHES.—The *Popular Science Review* states that a short paper was read at the British Association by M. Georges Pouchet, "On the Mechanism of the Changes of Color in Fishes and Crustacea." The author referred to the fact that fishes often change in color according to the color of the objects by which they are surrounded, but he explained that this does not take place when the fish is deprived of the nerves that preside over the peculiar corpuscles to which the color is due. The change does not take place in blind turbot, and in the seeing turbot, if the nerves are divided which communicate between the eye and the skin, the change does not occur. If the fifth nerve be divided, the change takes place all over the body except at the part to which that nerve is distributed. These experiments, M. Pouchet said, show that the change of color is dependent upon impressions received by the nervous system through the organs of vision.

OUR PUZZLER.

1. DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant, a bird, like paste, chief, to rub, an insect, a vowel; my whole is a flower.

Z. M.

2. CHARADE.

Farewell, false first, in woman I'll believe
No more.
An iron will shall conquer love, I'll grieve
No more.
I thought you such a second, and, in vain,
Endeavored just a kindly word to gain,
My hoping heart shall promptly sly Cupid's claim
No more.

Farewell! your form of first shall conquer me
No more.
An enemy to myself and you I'll be
No more.
To do an action brave shall be my aim;
Like whole to be a candidate for fame;
And then to have appended to my name
"No more."

A. C.

3. SQUARE WORDS.

1.

1. My first will name a well-known bird
2. To make one say an angry word.
3. An Indian makes a clever this.
4. These run for silver cups, I wis.
5. A planet small this brings to view.
6. My sixth divide in portions two,
And then pray place the first part last,
And you will have what travels fast.

2.

1. Firmly established this doth mean.
2. And this is longer still, I ween.
3. This is a noted puzzler's name.
4. My sister is what this will frame.
5. My transposed fifth goes on the ice.
6. A man's name sixth shows in a trice.

3.

1. My first laundresses often use.
2. A country for my next pray choose.
3. "Worthless" my third does signify.
4. This town in Portugal you'll spy.
5. Reverberations these disclose.
6. A town in Finland please transpose.

OVER THE SNOW.

Oh, William, poet-king, own you were wrong
Where boldly you uttered your dictum in song,
That May and the spring days owned love in its
prime,
When the passion scorns fetters of season or time.
I saw her—I loved her, and how could I fail,
Though Christmas was blowing its bitterest gale,
Though snow-flakes in silver were falling around,
And frost at its keenest had fettered the ground?
All ruffled and hunger-tamed feathered fowl fled
But a few yards in flight at the snow-muffled tread;
And 'twas so with fair Lillian, storm-she first heard:
When there by the hill-side my step she first heard:
All startled and eager, o'er-burdened she stood,
As I leaped into view from the edge of the wood;
The wind tried to waft her, the snow-flakes to hide,
Each aiding the evergreens clasped to her side.
And love? What, in winter, the landscape all bare?
Yes, I wooed and I won, for I vow I was there.

I'd arrived down from town, but was left in the
lurch,
At the house—"No, sir, out—evergreens—deck the
church."
I stopped for no more, for my heart knew no rest,
And away o'er the crunching snow started in quest.
How the spirits of air seemed to mock at my pain,
When now here and now there I'd each smarting eye
strain!
But no—nought but snow-flake and snow-laden
bough,
And the wind through the pines in a low meaning
sough;
But I searched on and searched with my heart in a
glow,
Till I met with a tiny track over the snow.

Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, my poor heart and each trace—
The former all flurry, the latter all grace—
And I knew by the footprints my darling had made,
I was right on the trail, though the storm sprites be-
trayed.
And now in mad anger they leapt to the fray:
With a rush and a sweep came each evergreen
spray,
To sweep the snow surface and bare the soft track,
Till the gravel lay snow-swept, the soft furrows
black;
But onward, still onward! the footprints ahead,
When the snow came in whirl-drifts to cover the
tread,
They were there though, still there, 'neath the wide-
spreading fir:
But now the harsh briar hand dared me to stir,
As it caught at each garment; the storm, too, came
down
To beat me away with its mightiest frown.
But love laughed at rivals, I knew she was there,
And flung down my gaze to the spirits of air,
As I dashed on through snow, rime, through coppice
and wood,
To where all leaf-laden my startled fawn stood—
Stood at gaze—for a moment as white as the snow,
Then her cheeks bid to rival each berry's red glow,
And her parted lips' pearls shone in mistletoe sheen.
While she clasped in her arms her vast bouquet of
green.
Enemies all, from the laurel that lay
On the soft heaving breast, with the cedar and bay,
And a *chevaux de frise* of the holly—all arms,
To act as a fortress for Lillian's charms;
And I said, could I laurel or bay leaf have been!
When my heart said, "My lad, you're sufficiently
green."
Well, I loved, and she knew,—there was welcome
that day;
It was Christmas—the rest is to come off in May.

THE NEW CLERK.

Jenkins met Smith, his senior partner, at the
depot, who had been absent on a tour.
"How's business?" inquired the latter.
"All right, got a new clerk."
"Got a new clerk, eh? Where is Jones?"
"Discharged him. An idle, extravagant
young dog!"
"True enough, and the new one won't do any
better. Drinking, gambling, late hours, fast
horses—that's the way with them all."
And Smith groaned.
Jenkins' eye twinkled. He well knew the
peculiarities of his good-hearted but eccentric
bachelor partner.
"Well, the new clerk don't drink nor gamble,
I'm certain of that, and has thus far been very
attentive and industrious."
"Thus far? Oh, yes. Wait a month. New
brooms sweep clean."
"Oh, well, if the new clerk don't suit you,
you can send the clerk adrift, that's all. I took
her—a'm—the new clerk on trial."
Mr. Smith stared at his partner.
"I suppose the new clerk has a name," he
remarked, dryly.
"Oh, yes. Her—that is to say—the new clerk's
name is Gardner. But here we are."
As was his usual custom, Mr. Smith went
through the store, past the array of clerks on
either side of the counter, without glancing
either to the right or left. But when he reached
his private office, at the farther end, he looked
through the glass door, which was so situated
that he could see all that was going on in the
store.
As his eyes fell upon the occupant of a desk
near the door, he started.
"What's that?" he said, turning sharply to
his partner, who had followed him.
Jenkins gazed composedly at the slender
form, whose graceful head was bent intently
upon a ledger that lay upon the desk.
"That? Why, that's the new clerk."
Smith rubbed his eyes and looked again.
"Why, it's a woman!" he exclaimed, with
an air of incredulity and horror.
"I should say it was," said Jenkins, coolly,
"and a confoundedly pretty one at that."
Smith gave his partner a look of virtuous in-
dignation.
"Mr. Jenkins, this is no place for a woman."
"Think not? Now it strikes me she fits the
place very nicely."

"The proper place for a woman is the sanc-
tuary of home."
This was a pet observation of Mr. Smith,
which he had read somewhere, and which he
considered a clincher in such an argument.
"But suppose she hasn't any?"
This was a poser, and in his efforts to sur-
mount it, Mr. Smith got excited.
"Hasn't any? Why, sir, she must—she
ought to have one."
"Very true. In fact, so confident am I on
this point, that I have thought of offering her
mine—or, at least, to share it with her."
"Mr. Jenkins, this is not a fit subject for
jest."
"It's a serious matter, I know; so on the
whole, perhaps I had better think it over awhile
longer. Besides, there is no knowing if she
would accept my offer, together with the incum-
brance that goes with it."
"Jenkins," returned Smith, severely, "will

site the desk where she sat, and he passed by,
glancing sidewise at the unconscious occupant,
who did not lift her head as he approached.
After speaking to a clerk in the farther end
of the room, he walked slowly back to where
the young lady sat, and who, as he passed,
raised a pair of soft blue eyes, shooting a be-
wildering glance in Smith's, that he felt to the
toe of his boot.
"Miss—Miss—" he stammered.
"My name is Georgiana," said the young
lady, smiling. "Some call me George for
short."
"Well, Miss George—Georgiana, I am afraid
you will find your situation rather unpleas-
ant."
"Not at all, sir. On the contrary, I find it
very pleasant and comfortable."
"Ahem—but I fear you will hardly be equal
to the discharge of its duty."
"I hope not. If you will run your eye over

met his partner's inquiring eye, but with an
inward consciousness that he had been com-
pletely routed by the enemy.

"Going?" said Jenkins, with nonchalance
most provoking.

"Well, no, not to-day. What the deuce are
you grinning at?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all," responded
Jenkins, throwing himself back in his chair, and
regarding intently a fly on the ceiling.

"What I was going to remark was," resumed
Smith, with quite an unnecessary assumption
of dignity, "that I have concluded to allow the
young girl to remain until I can find some situ-
ation for her more in accordance with her sex."

"Very kind and considerate of you," said
Jenkins dryly, "especially taking into consi-
deration that she does her work better than
any clerk we ever had, and less pay, too."

Smith was by no means the ogre he seemed.
Aside from his prejudices he was a sensible,
kind-hearted man. Georgiana was not called
upon to open the store or run errands, though
she offered to do both. Curious to relate, as
days and weeks passed, Smith's repugnance to
her presence not only vanished with them, but
he began to regard her with positive pleasure.

He used to often look through the glass door,
watching the graceful poise of the head and the
motion of the deft little fingers as they glided
over the paper, until at last curious fancies
seemed to creep into his brain, and he began to
indulge in glowing dreams of how wonderfully
such a little woman as that would brighten up
his lonely and cheerless home.

But he determined to proceed cautiously. He
had it. His housekeeper was about to leave;
he would offer Miss Gardner the situation—and
then.

Having formed this resolution, his next step
was to request the young lady's presence in his
private office, a summons that was promptly
obeyed.

"Miss Gardner, don't you think the situation
of housekeeping in a quiet home, like mine,
for instance, would be preferable to your situ-
ation here?"

"Perhaps, in some respects, it might," said
Georgiana, coloring at this abrupt inquiry, and
the look which accompanied it.

Was the old gentleman about to make her
an offer?

But his next words relieved her of this appre-
hension.

"My housekeeper is about to leave me, and I
should be glad to have you supply her place."

Georgiana's face grew very red, and her mouth
dimpled with the smiles that she strove vainly
to suppress.

"You are very kind, sir, but the fact is Mr.
Jenkins has spoken to me first."

"Mr. Jenkins?"

"Yes sir. He asked me to be his house-
keeper, and I said I would."

"But my child, Mr. Jenkins is a young man—
it would not be proper for you to keep house
for him. Now with me it is different."

And Georgiana inwardly agreed with him. In
fact, there was all the difference in the world for
her.

"But he asked me to be his wife as well as
housekeeper."

"O-o-o-h!"

Smith's first feeling was that of intense as-
tonishment, his next of quite as strong chagrin.
But it all ended in an emotion of thankfulness
that he had not committed himself.

His disappointment, however, could not have
ranked very deeply, for he attended the wed-
ding with smiling tranquillity, the ceremony
that transformed his new clerk into the happy
wife of his fortunate partner, Jenkins.



"STOOD AT GAZE—"

you cease trifling and attend to the business in
hand? This woman must go."

"Very well; you told me you wanted a clerk
who was faithful and industrious, that didn't
spend his salary, and all he could steal, on fast
horses and the like, and I got you one. It's an
easy matter to send her off."

"Of course it is," rejoined Smith, brightening
at the suggestion. "Just tell her she does not
exactly suit, and that we shan't need her after
to-day."

"But she does suit me; and if you are not
satisfied, all you have got to do is to tell her
so."

"You hired her."

"And for that reason I won't discharge her
without some good cause."

"No matter," returned Smith indifferently;
"I can discharge her. I think I am equal to
that much."

Jenkins, who had left the room, put his head
back a minute later.

"Bet you a hundred dollars you don't do
it."

With this parting shot he disappeared.

Now Smith had a nervous horror of women—
as his partner well knew, especially young
women—and never spoke to one if he could
help it.

Had it been a man he would have known
what to say, and experienced no difficulty in
saying it, but a woman was quite another
thing.

But his partner's words had touched his pride,
and, summoning all his resolution, he walked
in.

But his courage failed him as he came oppo-

the balance-sheet you will find everything
correct."

With a desperate hope that there would be
something amiss, Smith did so, but was dis-
appointed.

"I hope you have no fault to find?" said the
clerk, rather anxiously, on perceiving that he
hesitated.

"You are a woman—"

Here, whether abashed by a sudden display
of dimples on the pink cheeks, that grew more
pink at this rather unnecessary assertion,
Smith came to an abrupt pause.

At this the smiling face settled into an ex-
pression of demure gravity.

"I must plead guilty to the charge of being a
woman. But though it may be a misfortune, it
can scarcely be called a fault; at any rate it is
one for which I am not answerable."

"You misunderstand me, ma'am. What I
meant to say was, that there are certain duties
connected with your office, such as opening the
store, going to the post-office, etc., which you
cannot very well perform."

"I assure you, sir, that I like nothing better
than an occasional walk in the open air. And
as to opening the store, and sweeping and dust-
ing, I don't know why it should be harder to
perform that office for a store than for a house.
I claim no consideration for my sex," resumed
the young lady, casting a reproachful glance at
the perplexed countenance of her employer,
but I ask in common justice, that you will not
discharge me simply because I am a woman."

Muttering a disclaimer of some kind, he
hardly knew what, Smith beat a sudden retreat
to his own room, assuming a bold front as he

A new process for the instantaneous extinc-
tion of a conflagration is said to have been re-
cently experimented with at Paris, and with
entire success. M. de la Vieille Montagne, chem-
ical manufacturer, of Amiens, has, it appears,
discovered a resinous substance which is
quickly soluble in fresh water. Such a solution,
employed for the service of the ordinary fire-
engines, is stated to produce the following
effects:—The water is prevented from conver-
sion into steam by the heat, and thus effectually
penetrates and wets the bodies on which it
falls, avoiding all the ordinary phenomena of
calefaction in similar cases, by which the action
of pure water is so notably neutralized. More-
over, the resinous matter would appear to give
rise to dense volumes of smoke, unfavourable
to flames and combustion, or even ignition.

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ing offices, at 1,399; and that of lithographic
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